

YANKS AT HINGES IN COUNTER BLOW BELOW SOISSONS

1st, 2nd, 26th Help Smash
Western Side of Marne
Salient

ALLIES REGAIN INITIATIVE

Americans Given Important Share
in Victory That Saw End
of German Hopes

If the home football team is on its own ten-yard line and the visitors, having the ball, give it to their left tackle and put their whole back field in to shove him through on a line plunge; and if, then, the line of the home team holds while its own left tackle goes through the visitors and get the ball on a fumble and the whole game begins working back up field—that is a successful counter-offensive.

It is, moreover, in the simplest terms, precisely the kind of counter-offensive which Captain Foch, of the Allied home team, put over on Captain Ludendorff, of the visiting German team, on July 18, 1918, when he got the ball of the initiative and began working back up field in that magnificent series of plays which were not to wait until victory should have been finally won on November 11.

Nevertheless, it must be remembered that, though the fundamental facts of the situation may be thus simply stated, their actual development was much more complicated. It is easier to see where an attack is going to be made along a line of 11 men, to stop it and to make the best counter-play, than it is to do the same things along a line of eleven hundred thousand men or twice that many.

By those who know, the change from the defensive to the offensive is considered perhaps the most difficult and delicate operation in the science of war. It will therefore be worth while to examine a little the conditions of the whole situation which Marshal Foch confronted and the measures by which he changed it to the advantage of the allies, in order to bring into proper focus the contributions which were made to his success by the individual American divisions in his armies.

Foe Takes Breathing Spell
At the conclusion of their offensive to the Marne, which came to a standstill, roughly, about June 7, the Germans, as they had done after each of their previous great offensives, took a breathing spell in order to rest and replenish the divisions of their armies which had been worn down by fighting and then to accumulate these behind the lines in a maneuver mass which could be thrown into whatever part of the front the Allied Command might choose for the next great offensive.

By July 13 there had been thus accumulated behind the German lines, according to the best information of the Allied intelligence service, about 63 divisions which had been refitted, reinforced and rested for from 30 to 45 days. Of these, a good many were in the sectors opposite the British armies and in the Amiens salient, a very few on the long front from the Argonne to the Swiss border, and a large number far enough back to be available for use in any sector, while the divisions were immediately back of Gen. F. von Helldorf's First Army and Gen. von Elnem's Third Army, which extended from the Argonne to Chateau-Thierry and belonged to the Army Group of the German Crown Prince. On July 13, which was two days before the beginning of the German attack along the Argonne-Chateau-Thierry front, these two armies were believed to have, also, about 18 divisions in front line.

At this time, it will be remembered, Germany was loudly boasting in her press that Marshal Foch could never hope to be able to assume the offensive because her reserves had been burned up by the German attacks, while the few he did have he could not wield as a mass of maneuver, being under the stern necessity of holding them to throw in against the German torrent wherever this might next dash against his lines.

72 Divisions in Reserve Mass

This was said, and perhaps the German command believed it, for the condition had been true enough at one time. But now, owing to French efforts and the rapidity with which American and also British troops had been coming over, the Allies had, at the front, a mass of reserves amounting to no less than 72 divisions. German superiority of numbers was, therefore, at last discounted, though they still had the great advantage of the shorter, interior lines for moving their reserves from place to place, which added a large percentage to their value.

Having been able, through an intelligence service which was unexcelled, to forecast with absolute accuracy the time, the place and the strength of the attack which the enemy delivered on the Champagne-Chateau-Thierry front on the morning of July 15, Marshal Foch was in a position to dispose just enough of his forces along that front to meet and hold the attack firmly.

On July 17, two days after the attack had commenced, the armies of von Below and von Mudra—who had taken the place of von Foller—who had engaged 38 divisions on their front line and had 11 divisions in close support, reducing the total German mass of maneuver to 51 divisions. Yet they had nowhere gained more than a few kilometers of ground and were then being repulsed everywhere, in spite of their most desperate efforts, because the 27 Allied divisions in front line and 19 in close support, belonging to the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth French Armies, were ample to reduce them to impotence and to inflict upon them terrible losses.

The 42nd United States Division, in a sector of the Champagne battlefield about 30 kilometers east of Reims, and the 3rd United States Division sup-

PRESIDENT TALKS PEACE IN ENGLAND; IS NOW IN ITALY

Commander-in-Chief Goes
Through S.O.S. on Way
to Rome

CHRISTMAS WITH TROOPS

Holiday Festivities Near Langres
Include Review of Battle
Scarred Divisions

President Woodrow Wilson, attached G.H.Q., U.S.A., Washington, on temporary duty with the A.E.F., reported back to Paris on New Year's Eve after a six days' tour of duty in Base Section No. 3 (meaning England), where he talked over peace problems with Lloyd George, the Premier, and other leaders. New Year's night saw him again on the road, headed for Italy, speeding through the regions of the S.O.S. en route to Rome, where he is now the guest of the Italian Government. This stay in the domain of our southern Ally will be brief, and the first of next week will see him back in France once more.

His one day's respite between "travel necessary in the public service" was a quiet, family New Year's Day, enlivened only by a game of golf. However, his Christmas was of a more public nature, for that day he set aside to buddy with his fellow countrymen in O.D. and tell them how proud the nation was of them.

To the 10,000 Yanks who, representing the whole A.E.F., marched in review before President Wilson at Reims, near Langres, the Christmas of 1918 will probably always be the greatest Christmas of their recollection. For on that day, they, as picked delegates from their fighting divisions, were introduced by General Pershing to the President of the United States at the commencement of the first battle of American troops before their Commander-in-Chief on foreign soil as "the Nation's victorious Army."

They heard General Pershing say, "I am proud to declare to the President that no Army has ever more loyally or more effectively served its country, and none has ever fought in a nobler cause. Any they heard the President himself, with a catch and a throw in his voice that, accomplished and confident speaker as he is, he could not control, declare, "The reason that we have been so proud of you is that you have put your heart into it; you have done your duty, and you have done it with a spirit which gave it distinction and glory."

Then, in company front, national and regimental standard, dipping in salute to the Nation's and the Army's head, they passed in review, eyes shining as they came before the President and his party, then turning on moving pivot and wheeling away, the while the band of G.H.Q. played as it never played before the great march of "The Regiment of Sambre-et-Meuse."

An Unforgettable Day

It was a great and unforgettable day in the history of American arms. It was equally great and unforgettable in the history of the two sister republics, France and the United States. Certainly no man who witnessed any part of the day's doings, at Chaumont, at Tignes, at Montigny-le-Roi, or anywhere along the front, will ever again, will fail to tell and to tell the story when he gets home, the story of how the President spent his Christmas with the men who by their sweat and blood had built on the battlefields of Europe the strong and sure foundations for his great play of right and justice.

Christmas Day dawned cold, bleak and dreary, as days generally do down in the valley of the high Marne or on the Meuse at this time of the year. It was snowing slightly when the President's train drew into Liffol-le-Grand, and the guard about the tracks and station had all his eyes turned to the leather jacket that its members had stuffed under their slickers. As the train pulled into Chaumont the snow ceased, however, and the sky overhead appeared as though it had come, rather sullenly to be sure, to the conclusion that as anything else was in gala form it had better not be the only thing to spoil the day.

On the station platform just as though he, too, were on stationary guard—Post No. 1, for example—stood General Pershing, ready, it seemed, to call, "Turn out the guard, commanding officer!" the moment his chief and guest

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CIVILIAN WORKERS REPLACE SOLDIERS

Exchange Already Begun,
to Be Carried Out as
Quickly as Possible

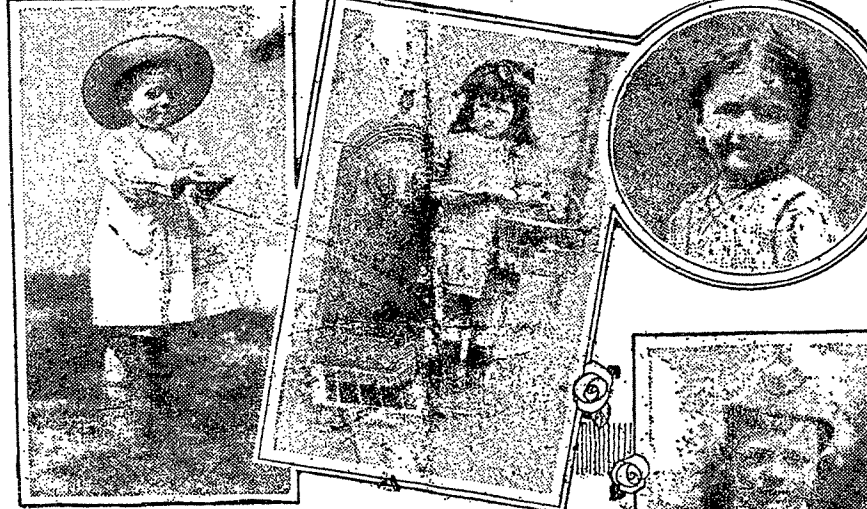
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The exchange has already begun and, according to announcement this week by the Commanding General, S.O.S., it will be carried out as quickly as possible.

Recently 1,000 Chinese laborers were sent to Brest to work as stevedores, and it is expected that soon Chinese will be helping handle freight at all the base ports.

Thousands of civilian laborers were employed in the A.E.F. during the war. They came from Portugal, Spain, Italy, China and many other countries. These will be shifted from war work to armistice and demobilization work as far as practicable. The same applies to hundreds of typists, stenographers, clerks and office employees recruited in France and Great Britain.

FOUR OF THE A.E.F.'S 3,444



Reading from right to left, the three little girls, dimpled and all, are, respectively, the adopted mascots of Co. E, 191st Engrs.; the Army Field Clerk, Intelligence Section, G.S., and Co. F, 20th Engrs. The little girl in the center thought the photographer was going to take away her uncle who was visiting her while on permission. The young man is wearing the Croix de Guerre his father died in winning.

NEW FRANC CALL BLOWS FOR ORPHANS' FUTURE

THIRD ARMY MAKES RHINE CHRISTMAS COMMUNITY EVENT

Trees in Open Spaces
Blossom into Bowers
of Light

SNOW COMES JUST IN TIME

Hymns Re-Echo Through Streets of
Bridgehead Towns as Yanks
March to Church

Young America has brought the community Christmas idea to the river Rhine.

From the military brain center at Coblenz proper to the outmost point on the bridgehead perimeter, and throughout all the villages and towns lying between, the Yanks celebrated; not of course, as they would have done had they been at home, but still as best they could under the circumstances.

And, spurred by the civilian preparations about them and by the fact that they knew they were in a land which had "invented" Christmas, they outdid themselves. The new spirit they brought with them, and the new spirit they illuminated cross-shining to the memory of the fallen warrior—has left a completely new impression of the day. The inhabitants of the army area have not yet done talking about it.

The hub of activities was in Coblenz and, particularly, in the center of the former Prussian Administration building, on the Rhine Esplanade near the famous Bridge of Boats, now the headquarters of the Third American Army. For it was here, in the basin of a fountain, that the Americans the day before Christmas erected a mighty Christmas tree, 40 feet high, decorated from top to bottom with all the furnishings and furbelows that could be heaped on, and festooned, in addition, with strings and strings of colored electric lights, red and blue.

Why an Outdoor Tree?
All of Coblenz that had occasion to pass along the esplanade that day watched and wondered. "Those old Americans," was the burden of their thought, "setting up a tree outdoors for it had better not be the only thing to spoil the day."

On the station platform just as though he, too, were on stationary guard—Post No. 1, for example—stood General Pershing, ready, it seemed, to call, "Turn out the guard, commanding officer!" the moment his chief and guest

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THOUSANDS MORE ON JOURNEY HOME; COMFORT KEYNOTE

"Patience, and Reach America a Well Man,"
Transport Motto

BOOKINGS TO JANUARY 11

Total of 96,883 Men and 4,418
Officers Can Be Accommodated
Early in New Year

The A.E.F. is sailing for home as fast as ships are being provided. But the men in America who are directing the transportation job are cautioning patience. For one thing, we are going back in more comfort—and with more regard for health—than we had when we came over. The ships are not being loaded so heavily.

"It is only a matter of patience," said a telegram received this week from one shipping director in America. "We don't want our fighting men returned to us like cattle."

At noon on December 21, it was announced this week, 5,571 officers and 111,000 men were at the base ports ready to sail for the States. Of this number, 2,034 officers and 30,528 men were at that time actually under orders to embark. In addition, 62,000 officers and men were under orders to move to Brest as soon as they could be accommodated.

Ships in port and those coming in up to and including January 11, will accommodate 4,418 officers and 96,883 men. The skeleton of the 70th Division, which has been in replacement since it has been in France, the 34th Infantry and several units of Field Artillery have sailed for home during the last few days.

The Latest Sailings

Late announcements of departures for the States include:

On Steamship Craster Hall, sailed December 20, casually only.

On Steamship Eastern Queen, sailed December 20, casually only.

On Steamship Antigon, sailed December 22, 75th Div. Casuals, St. Aignan Casual Co. No. 492 and 52nd C.A.C.

On Steamship Ives, sailed December 22, 25th Div. Casuals, St. Aignan Casual Co. No. 492 and 52nd C.A.C.

On Steamship Veendijk, sailed December 22, St. Nazaire Casual Co. No. 119.

On Steamship Toula, sailed December 22, casually only.

On Steamship Matsonia, sailed December 23, 14th F.A., less 11q, and Batteries A and B; 14th F.A. and Bordenaux Casual Co. No. 22, 23, 24 and 25.

On Steamship Konigen der Nederlanden, sailed December 25, Hq. 163rd F.A. Brig. (68th Div.); 125th F.A. Brig. (35th Div.); Bordenaux Casual Co. No. 8; Blois Casual Co. No. 237, 332 and 333 and Beau Desert Hospital Co. A-38.

On Steamship Powhatan, sailed December 25, 3rd Infantry Casual Co. Hq. (34th Div.); 12th F.A. (34th Div.); 115th Trench Mortar Battery (40th Div.); Bordenaux Casual Co. No. 8 and Beau Desert Hospital Co. No. 22, 23, 24 and 25.

On Steamship Siboney, sailed December 25, 86th Div. Casuals; 161st F.A. Brig. Hq. (68th Div.); 332nd F.A. (36th Div.) and Casuals from Blois and Beau Desert.

On Steamship Pastores, sailed December 25, casually only.

On Steamship Ives, sailed December 27, detachment Bordenaux Casual Co. No. 8 and medical casual detachment.

On Steamship Kermesta, sailed December 27, 2nd Infantry Casual Co. No. 2.

On Steamship Henderson, sailed December 24, casually only.

On Steamship Mauretanien, sailed December 24, 3rd Infantry Casual Co. Hq. (34th Div.); 12th F.A. (34th Div.); 115th Trench Mortar Battery (40th Div.); Bordenaux Casual Co. No. 8 and Beau Desert Hospital Co. No. 22, 23, 24 and 25.

On Steamship North Carolina, sailed December 24, 11th Am. Tn. F. and S. of Hq. Co. (68th Div.) and 3rd Div. (35th Div.) and Casuals from Blois and Beau Desert.

On Steamship Finland and Madawaska, sailed December 27 from St. Nazaire, 5,000 troops, about half being sick and wounded. On Finland, 5,000 troops, about half being sick and wounded. On Madawaska, 1,000 troops and 500 wounded.

On Steamship Powhatan, 333 F.A. and 126th F.A.

Everyone knows, then, that France had suffered grievous losses. How grievous no one knew until the official figures were given out the other day.

One third of all the Frenchmen called to the colors are permanently lost to the nation. France mobilized 6,000,000. Of these 1,400,000 are dead and 1,000,000 are permanently injured.

If It Were America
It is difficult for Americans to grasp such totals as these. France, with her 40,000,000, has less than half our population, and yet her dead are more than 25 times as many. But France, of course, was in the war up to the hilt from the first day, and America had no large number of troops under fire except during the final four months.

Take America. Discard, for a moment, the West and the South and New England. Consider just the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States. In them, you would find a population not much greater than France's. Suppose, after calling to the colors the very flowers of their youth, these States had lost by death from wounds or disease a number of soldiers greater than the total number of combat troops America was able to send to France. Suppose those States had lost by death or disablement a number of soldiers greater than the total number of troops of all kinds, which America shipped to Europe during this war. Suppose these things, and you will have some conception of the drain on French man power since August, 1914.

Aside from the loss of her youth, France's material losses reach staggering totals, for the battles were waged on her own land. They have been calculated at 64,500,000,000 francs, of which 20 billions are counted as the loss of homes and another 20 as the loss of factories.

OLD CAMPAIGN HAT WILL NOT COME BACK

New Ones Too Few, While
Veterans Adorn Other
Extremities

The campaign hat will not come back. Hope has been held—some 2,000,000 separate hopes extending from Bordenaux to Ehrenbreitstein, in fact—that it might. That hope is futile. The American campaign hat will continue to be the overseas cap, until such time as it is supplanted by the fedora, the derby or the straw.

The reason for the suppression of the campaign hat is not hardheartedness. There is, first of all, the very excellent reason that there are no more, nor enough of them to go around. Just how many unused or decently salvaged campaign hats there are in his storehouses the Q.M. does not know. He does know that the number is so small that only a fraction of the Army could be supplied them, and he does not want to play favorites.

To supply the whole A.E.F. with campaign hats would mean the diversion of some shipping to South America to bring back rabbit hair, from which the soldier may be surprised to know, the hats are made. Further, it is a question whether there is enough rabbit hair available to make the campaign hats that were turned in by the tens of thousands when the overseas cap (first issue) came into brief being is soon lost. They went into salvage, and thence into a machine that flattened them, cut them and converted them into felt slippers for hospital patients. Salvage experts deny at trying to make the slippers back into hats again.

The overseas cap, second issue, has been seen back in America on the heads of soldiers whose foreign service began and ended at Newport News.

Final British Figures
When the last shot was fired on November 11, France had 4,000,000 men mobilized. Of these, 1,500,000 (territorial factory workers, etc.) will be demobilized between now and March 1, when she will still have 3,000,000 men on duty.

For the total of losses by the British Empire, the world had been more or less prepared, for whereas there had been no official announcement before the armistice, Lord Northcliffe ventured last fall on a guess which every one knew must be based on fairly complete information.

The official figures now made public are:

	Army	Navy	M.V.N.	Raiders	Total
Killed	658,794	22,365	14,651	1,413	700,123
Wounded	2,032,142	5,163			2,040,732
Missing	209,146	1,222	3,295		361,563
Total	3,049,982	28,750	17,946	4,826	3,112,503

These figures do not include 10,000 deaths among troops not forming part of the Expeditionary forces.

No member of the Alliance (with the

ALL DUE SPEED IN DEMobilIZATION, SAYS SECY. BAKER

Process Moving Swiftly, in
Order and as Planned,
He Declares

AMERICA'S 1919 GREETINGS

"Your Patience Must Aid in Adjustment to New Conditions,"
Statement Points Out

"The process of demobilization is moving swiftly, in order, and in accordance with plans," declares Secretary of War Newton D. Baker in a New Year's greeting addressed to "those in the uniform of the United States Army." Further, the secretary says that America will return her armed power "to the pursuit of peace with all due speed."

"As you have shared in the pride of the first accomplishment," continues the secretary, referring to the speed with which America made her power felt against the enemy, "so must your patience aid in the present adjustment to new conditions." The statement follows:

"Greetings to those in the uniform of the United States Army: "To you who have fulfilled the promises of the Nation overseas and you who stood ready in reserve at home, I send greetings for the New Year. The year of 1918 has shown what America can do; 1919 will show what America is."

"Your part in the great accomplishment has been a vital one. The part you will bear in the days to come will be no less important for our Country. The process of demobilization is moving swiftly, in order, and in accordance with plans. Clearly everything cannot be done at once and patience will be needed. Each step must follow the step before, and some units will go quickly, while others may be held at little longer for reasons that are very real, though sometimes not apparent on the surface."

Made Power Felt Quickly
"As America made her power felt more quickly than the foe thought possible, so she will return that power to the pursuit of peace with all due speed. As you have shared in the pride of the first accomplishment, so must your patience aid in the present adjustment to new conditions."

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1919.

AMERICA'S BOOTY

It has been said more than once that America entered this war for no material advantage. It will often be said again in the weeks of debate that lie ahead. Don't you believe it.

When a prosperous, law-abiding, property-holding citizen joins a posse in pursuit of a burglars' lunatic who has been looting and terrorizing the neighborhood, the advantage he seeks is most distinctly material. Decidedly material is the gain that is his when, at last, the terror is cornered, lassoed and cast into the brig.

What can more accurately be said is that America sought and seeks today no selfish advantage, no material thing for herself alone, no material gain she will not share with all the orderly human world. Her advantage she wants to share, and has to share, not only with the rest of the posse, but with the other citizens who, during the chase, remained, for one reason or another, discreetly hidden under the bed.

RUSSIA

To the teeming millions of Russia the signing of the armistice meant nothing. One of its articles abrogated the pernicious and illicit treaty of Brest-Litovsk, that humiliating document which, had it been allowed to stand, had it been any more binding than a promise exacted by a murderer with a gun at his victim's breast, would have meant her dismemberment.

In terms of territory, the abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty won back for Russia more than France gained by the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, more than Austria lost in the creation of a Czechoslovak state. But to sorely, burdened, sorely-beset Russia it all meant nothing.

This Christmas saw peace on earth—on most of the earth—peace bought at a price that gives the word a more intense, a more hallowed significance. It saw, too, a country, potentially the mightiest in the world, plunging it knew not whither, delirious with the blood-lust born of that mockery of freedom—in reality a despotism more merciless than ever Romanoff or Hohenzollern dared aspire to—which is now the order of Russia's day.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS

There is some reason to believe that, for a generation now, the custom among practical men of using "schoolmaster" as a term of mildly derisive pity will go out of fashion.

For a time the world is likely to remember that, in the greatest crisis of American history, it was a schoolmaster, an old pedagogue of politics, who, called from his quiet classroom, shaped and interpreted not only America's thoughts, but the ideas and aspirations of two hemispheres.

It will remember that in the darkest hour of the war it was the old professor of strategy from the Ecole de Guerre who was summoned to the command of the Armies of the Lord. President Wilson and Marshal Foch—schoolmasters both.

HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL

As Americans, the members of the A.E.F. are extremely gratified to learn of the rousing reception accorded their President in the British capital. As soldiers, they appreciate the tumultuous welcome to their Commander-in-Chief, and they are sure that the Navy, which has enjoyed even closer association with the fighting men of Britain than has the Army, appreciates it as well.

The comradeship of arms cemented at such places as Bellecourt and Hamel on land and in many other places on the seas now merges into the comradeship of peace between the two great English-speaking peoples who, through the trials of war, have learned to like and respect one another as never before. The original friendship of the Yankee Marines for the Royal Welsh, formed in far-off China days, finds many a duplicate in the friendships formed during this past stirring year.

So, to its English friends who, in honoring its Chief, have honored also the Army of the United States, the A.E.F. in France begs to extend its thanks and its New Year greetings in the spirit of "Hands across the channel."

OF ONE ACCORD

"You knew what was expected of you and you did it. I know what you and the people at home expect of me; and I am happy to say, my fellow-countrymen, that I do not find in the hearts of the great leaders with whom it is my privilege to co-operate any difference of principle or of fundamental purpose.

"It happened that it was the privilege of America to present the chart for peace, and now the process of settlement has been rendered comparatively simple by the fact that all the nations concerned have accepted that chart and that the application of those principles laid down there will be their explication.

"The world will now know that the nations that fought this war, as well as the soldiers who represented them, are ready to make good—make good not merely in the assertion of their own interests, but make good in the establishment of peace upon the permanent foundations of right and of justice."

Thus the President spoke to the assembled representatives of the A.E.F.'s rank and file on Christmas Day. No more hopeful message for this hopeful season could

be imagined. At one stroke it knocks down the whole flimsy structure of doubt and mistrust which our enemies have been endeavoring, ever since the signing of the armistice, to erect in the minds of loyal Americans and their Allies.

No "difference of principle or of fundamental purpose"; ready to "make good not merely in the assertion of their own interests"—those are good statements for all of us to remember the next time the whisperers, the poison-peddles, venture to thrust their ugly wares before us.

PRAESIDIA REGNI

Perspective is the art of representing objects as they appear, relatively, to the eye in nature. It is the sense of proportion by which things seen in vista take on new values as when a line of telegraph poles draw closer and closer together until, in the dim distance, the space between them seems to vanish, and they meet.

So, in the perspective of history, tedious decades vanish from the sight of man and things separated by many years are appreciated at last as part of one continuous event. Thus it seems probable that the historian of 2019 will write down the Franco-Prussian War as having begun in the year 1870 and ended at the gates of Sedan in the fall of 1918. He will know that the two wars were really but the campaigns of a single war. He will know that the long interval of what men spuriously called peace was but an uneasy and oppressive truce, a truce spanned by the memories and the undying faith of many men—among them Georges Clemenceau and Ferdinand Foch.

And he will ask himself, this historian, what befell during the truce to make the vanquished of 1870, the victor of 1918. By what miracle could a nation that had emerged broken, humiliated, ruined from the first campaign, re-enter, the lists against an enemy far larger, for more populous, far, far richer in all the material arms and resources of military power, and emerge this second time triumphant?

By no miracle. It was simply this, that, while the Germans had spent the truce making guns, France had spent it making guns and friends. Rising from the ashes of her first defeat, she reached out across the channel and struck hands with her enemy of a thousand years. Looking westward, she won back the old affection of America which had grown chill through half a century of neglect. When her great hour came, she had friends in every corner of the world, and Germany had not one. Vassals, yes, and abject neighbors, but not a single friend.

It was no miracle, and its secret might have been spelled out by any statesman from the Latin text that Vice-President Levi P. Morton wrote across the model for the Statute of Liberty that long has weathered the storms on the Pont de Grenelle in Paris. "Non exercitus neque thesauri praesidia regni sunt verum amici—Not armies nor treasures but friends are the true protection of a realm."

Let them write it large—that motto—over the door of the great chamber where now the delegates of civilization sit in council on the future of mankind.

PAPER WORK

The machine guns have quit, but the typewriters are still busy. Up and down the length and breadth of the Army they go battering their way on through service records, from-to-subjects, payrolls, requisitions, transfers, court-martial data, travel orders, clothing slips, passes, and—yes—orders home.

The Army typewriters—made, female and inanimate—never were busier than they are right now. Company clerks and sergeants major are more regal than they have ever been, not to say more pressed for time. But there is always the blessed thought that the way home lies along a path of carbon paper.

The Army typewriter—inanimate—has had to stand for a lot of abuse during these latter months. It is conceivable that it might take, perhaps actually has taken, two or three complete batteries of typewriters to get a single mess-kit moved from one barracks to the next. But a general could not send an army into action unless some other general ordered him to—usually by means of a typewriter.

A BRITON'S VIEW

The purpose in presenting through their newspaper to the A.E.F. the summary of their labors from May, 1917, to the armistice, as prepared for the Secretary of War by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., was to permit every man in service to know what America had been told officially.

Sometimes—although not often—the Yank is worried because he is charged with bragging a bit. For that reason it is well to know what others think of us. And, accordingly, there is presented on this page the British viewpoint as held by perhaps the best known of the British military critics, Lt. Col. Repington. The presentation of his views is permitted by the courtesy of the *Morning Post*, London, which retains copyright.

Although it is against the policy of THE STARS AND STRIPES to print anything which is not the work of a member of the A.E.F., exception has been made in this instance because there was no other sure way of getting these facts before the American soldiers in France and Germany. And it is their right to know the fine things said of them by a Briton who is qualified to talk about them.

WHAT A DAY!

If you are fretting about when you are going home, read this letter from a dough-boy who is already there:

"I came home on the first transport. I was in a hospital in England, and when I saw my name on the list of home-bound passengers I was almost overcome with delight. There is little need to go into details about the voyage across. We landed in the midst of a cheering mob, and a greater reception I never saw. But there was something lacking. When the veteran divisions coming home? was the question from almost every lip.

"Now, you can take it from me, and I've been here long enough to know, the people at home are fully aware of the immense job the A.E.F. has before it. When America does a job, she does it well. There's no half-way business about it. And the people over here appreciate the fact that you are doing well. And when the job is done, and the last units come home, what a day! America is yours.

The Army's Poets

WOODROW WILSON

(Presented to the President as a Christmas greeting from an American soldier.)
Behold the man from out the West!
He comes like cheerful guiding light;
The friend alike of high and low,
This dauntless champion of the right.
In him you see a noble type,
Of statesmen taught in freemen's school,
Where mind to mind and heart to heart,
The people thing and speak and rule.

Again the West sends to the East
As oft the child to mother turns,
A prophet bearing healing truth,
Who ancient form and fancy spurs.

At last he comes to speak plain truth,
Fix peace forever firm on high;
To help us clear away the dross,
To bring sweet reason's counsels nigh.

At last the people's cry is heard:
Imperial thrones fall hour by hour,
And now the men who worked and fought
Are those who hold the reins of power.

Those simple unpretending folk,
Who tread unseen life's toilsome way,
Are those who braved both fire and steel,
At every front of bloody fray.

But hark! The world attends his words,
So free from passion's burning sting;
So clear, so full of pregnant thought,
Like chiming of Mercy. Hear them ring:

"America unselfish came,
To stay the reckless war lord's hand;
To aid the right, to punish wrong,
Encourage freedom in each land.

"We ask no loot of land or gold,
No spoils wrung hard from labor's brow;
Let history teach her lessons hard,
Let's build our children's future now.

"We simply ask the right to speak,
For men who bore long years of strife;
For widows and for orphans made,
Who drink the draught of sorrow's life.

"They have no pen nor tongue of flame;
Though dumb, their heart-beats move our heart,
We sense the thoughts that fill their minds;
We claim the right to voice their part.

"Since millions died for freedom's life,
How precious must that freedom be!
What price in blood the race has paid,
To save the boon of liberty!

"Let's lay the soldier's saber down,
Let's form a world court, strong and fair,
Where all the nations shall complain,
And safely ask for judgment there.

"Henceforth, the world should live in peace,
Employ its power to strengthen life;
No more should envy point the way
To selfish ends and ruinous strife.

"We must build, where the fathers quit,
A stately mansion for the world,
From now henceforth let right rule might,
The flag of war be henceforth furled."

J. J. McS., Capt., Inf.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LILT

I'm just a happy 's I kin be;
I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me—

Over in France in th' Great Big War,
Up ther' in front mid th' cannons' roar—
'Twas diff'rent ther'.

This Lieut come in an' he says to me,
"I need a job, Buck, an' you see—"

Now ther's in France when this Lieut—ee
spoke
Things moved right soon or somethin' broke.
'Twas diff'rent ther'.

I spoke right up, an' says, "M' man,
I'm boss 'round here, y' understand—"

Oh, boy! C'n you imagine me
Sayin' that t' th' same Lieut—ee
In France? 'Twas diff'rent ther'.

He says, "All right; don't rub it sore."
So I took 'im in m' grocery store.

Wow! Over here since th' Great Big War,
Far from th' Front an' th' cannons' roar—
It's diff'rent here.

I'm just 's happy 's I kin be;
I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me.

Sgt. Maj., Hq., 147th M.G. Bn.

A PRAYER OF VICTORY

All things come to Thee, O God!
Thine own, to Thee remain.
Though desolate the way we trod,
We saw Thee in our pain.

The beauty and the might of truth,
The starlight way of right
Were fast before our age and youth,
Their vision and their light.

The deaths we died, the blood we bled,
Was in the faith we held.
We had no hope, our souls have fled
Into that glorified fold.

Their Sanctus rings eternally,
Thine own, to Thee remain.
They died that this, Thine earth, might be
Still worthy of Thy name.

Paul Hyde Bonner, 2nd Lt., D.C.I.

APRES LA GUERRE

There's gonna be a jubilee when I come
marching home,
And hit the spots I know before the war;
Just wait until I plant my kicks inside a pap-

er room
And read that sign of "Welcome" on the
door!

I'm gonna bid a fond farewell to slum and
army bean,
Inspections, C.C. pills and second loots,
And when I rise each morning at eleven-sev-

There'll be no bugle-calls or hungry coots.
Just turn me loose along the pike I used to
know so well.

Before the bloom'n' Prussians butted in,
And maybe I won't tell the folks just how we
gave 'em hell,
At the end of the small-time squareheads to
Berlin!

We'll have a grand reunion of the boys who
gave a hand,
When gallant France was bleeding on the
rack;

We'll tell about our Polli pal, the gamest in
the band;
And how we made old Jerry show his back.
And maybe on that happy night when we
were called the "Huns" we'll stop;

We'll miss some old-time faces in the line—
But in our hearts we'll keep a place for those
who paid the toll,
Whose memory gave us strength to reach
the Rhine.

Howard A. Herty, Cpl., Inf.

JOHN DOE—BUCK PRIVATE

Who was it, picked from civil life
And plunged in deadly, frenzied strife
Against a Devil's dreadful might?
Just plain "John Doe—Buck Private."

Who jumped the counter for the trench,
And left fair shores for all the stench
An' mud, and death, and bloody drench?
Your simple, plain "Buck Private."

Who, when his nerves were on the hop,
With courage scaled the bloody top?
Who made the foe to stop?
"J. Doe (no stripes) Buck Private."

Who, underneath his training tan
Is every inch a man!
And, best of all, American?
"John Doe, just plain Buck Private."

Who saw his job and did it well?
Who smiles so bland—yet fights like Hell?
Who rang the Freedom bell?
"Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who was it lunged and struck and tore
His bayonet deep into Hun gore?
Who was it helped to win the war?
"John Doe (no brains) Buck Private."

Who, heading not the laurel pile
That scheming other men beguile,
Stands modestly as the "Buck Private,"
"John Doe (God's kind) Buck Private."

Allan R. Thomson,
Sgt., Hq., Detch., 31st Div.

"NOW Do You Believe in a League of Nations?"



AMERICA'S EFFORT: A BRITISH TRIBUTE

By Lieut. Col. Repington, Military Critic of the "Morning Post," London

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A military critic in time of war is necessarily debarred from mentioning the numbers and units of the armies fighting on his own country's side while active operations are in progress. For this reason I have hitherto been unable to refer to more than outline to the remarkable military effort which the United States has made in France this year, and gladly take the opportunity now afforded by the publication in America of General Pershing's dispatch and by the withdrawal of previous restrictions to do justice to a very splendid achievement.

When I was with the American Army toward the close of last year's campaign, only the first two divisions were in France, but with them had come a quantity of administrative troops and service to prepare the ground for others whose arrival was expected at dates fixed in advance. The program had been carefully drawn up. It anticipated the orderly arrival in France of complete units with all their services, guns, transport and horses, and when these larger units had received a finishing touch in France and had been trained up to concert pitch it was intended to put them into the line and to build up a purely American Army as rapidly as possible. After studying the situation, the program, and the available tonnage in those early days, I did not expect that General Pershing could take the field with a trained Army of accountable numbers much before the late summer or autumn of 1918. The anxiety which I expressed last January respecting the situation in France was partly due to this knowledge, which our Cabinet should also have possessed.

In accordance with the plan, there were four American divisions in France by January 1 of this year, six on February 1, and eight on March 1, at which latter date only two divisions were fit to be in the line, and none in active sectors. Everybody knows that the American divisions are strong. By the latest Tables of Organization, the fighting strength of the division is 22,123 all ranks. It was the policy of the A.E.F. to keep all divisions as near to war strength as possible, and the necessary drafts were sent to France to make good casualties. For the most part the divisions, even during the hardest fighting, were kept up to within 3,000 to 4,000 of their establishments.

The British defeat at St. Quentin on March 21 found the American Army in France far from strong. The leading idea of our political War Cabinet—an idea never shared by our General Staff or our Command in France—was that we were over-insured in the West, and that the war could be and should be won elsewhere. This conception had now gone the way of other lost illusions, and while our War Cabinet feverishly began to do all the things which the soldiers had fruitlessly begged them to do for months before, they also prayed America to be implored to send in haste all available infantry and machine guns, and placed at her disposal, to her great surprise, a large amount of transport to hasten arrivals. It is a pity that the transport was not sent earlier.

The American Government acceded to this request in the most loyal and generous manner. Assured by their Allies in France that the latter could fit out the American infantry divisions on their arrival with guns, horses and transport, the Americans packed their infantry tightly in the ships, and left to a later occasion the dispatch to France of guns, horses, transport, labor units, flying service, rolling stock, and a score of other things originally destined for transport with the divisions. If subsequently—and indeed, up to the day that the armistice was signed—General Pershing found himself short of many indispensable things, and if his operations were thereby conducted under real difficulties of which he must have been too sensible, the defects were not due to him and his staff, nor to the Washington Administration, nor to the resolute General March and his able fellow-workers, but solely to the self-sacrificing manner in which America had responded to the call of her friends.

The number of American divisions placed in France on the 1st of each month up to November 1, and the number actually in the line and

in reserve at the same dates, have been as follows:

	In France.	In Line
1918.		
April 1	10	3
May 1	16	4
June 1	16	6
July 1	24	9
August 1	32	20
September 1	37	25
October 1	40	21
November 1	42	30

In addition to the divisions there were, of course, large numbers of combatants belonging to the Army Corps and Army troops, while the non-combatants of the forward services swelled the numbers which had been brought across the ocean. The largest number of American troops employed in France at any one time was on September 26, on which day General Pershing's Meuse-Argonne offensive was launched. These numbers were:

Combatants	1,224,720
Non-Combatants	493,764

Total 1,718,484
Had the war gone on, it was the intention of America to double these figures and to place 80 divisions in France by April, 1919. There is little doubt that this could have been done, and that by the summer of 1919 General Pershing's armies would have been the most considerable of any single belligerent nation fighting in France.

No less than ten American divisions were ready early in the spring to stand shoulder to shoulder with the British armies in the north had active action been indispensable. They were not fully trained, nor in the line, but a plan was made to use them according to the degree of training in case of a fresh German onslaught. Five of these divisions went south as the strain upon us grew less and British reinforcements poured in from all sides and side-shows. The five that remained saw three of their number, to our regret, withdrawn also, but the 27th and 30th remained, took a glorious part in the great battles with our 4th Army in October, fought bravely in three general actions and many minor affairs, suffered heavy losses and captured 5,000 prisoners and many guns. The 32nd American Regiment went to Italy, and, all new to war, forced the passage of the Tagliamento. Fine fighting companies the Americans proved to be, and they will figure forever in the records of Haig's great battles.

It was the settled policy of the American Government and of General Pershing to build up as rapidly as possible a great American Army in the east of France, but meanwhile to help others wherever help was needed. At Cantigny the Americans conducted a first considerable attack on their own account in the first sector of Mondidier and were completely successful. They helped to arrest the German rush from the Aisne to the Marne, fought force and bitter actions near Chateau-Thierry, and took distinguished part in Foch's great offensive, led by Mangin and Degoutte on the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry front. To all soldiers capable of understanding the true quality of troops, the American divisions had taken their degree in war and had passed with honors. Would the American Command and Staff prove equal to the greater exigencies of conducting a grand attack with a purely American Army? Some scoffers doubted, so I went to the east of France to judge for myself.

that, viewing the position in which the belligerent armies stood in France, an advance down the Meuse by the Allies was the right and decisive strategy when our forces were strong enough to undertake it as well as to guard themselves from the side of Metz. It was the matador's thrust in the bull fight. The Meuse-Argonne offensive, prolonged westward by the French Armies, responded to this idea, and when I learned that the leading role in it was assigned to the Americans I was very well pleased, because I trusted them.

Few people in England know that this operation was preceded by one of the most interesting and difficult staff operations of the war, namely, the transfer within 14 days of the bulk of the First American Army from the Metz front to that of the Meuse-Argonne, and its replacement by the Second American Army. No less than ten divisions began the Meuse-Argonne attack on September 20, namely, the 4th, 26th, 28th, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 77th, 79th, 80th and 91st, while there stood in reserve, all eventually to be thrown into the fight, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 20th, 22nd, 32nd and 92nd Divisions. Further there were placed at the disposal of the First Army the 42nd, 78th, 89th and 90th Divisions. A comparison of these divisional units with those which fought at St. Mihiel shows that ten divisions were withdrawn from the Metz front and aligned for the new operation. It was a fine piece of staff work, and no other staff could have done it better.

The initial attack by the ten leading American divisions on September 26 was most successful. It ran over the enemy and gained ten miles in depth in two days. During the month of October the Americans delivered no concerted and general attack, but were continuously engaged against a total of some 53 German divisions in some of the fiercest and most bitter fighting of the whole war. It was a narrow front, strongly held. The Germans could not afford to give ground here and fought like demons. The Argonne, with its deep gullies and tangled thickets, had earlier in the war seen some of the most sanguinary fighting of the campaign, and it was the same ground and the same kind of fighting that the young American Army had to confront. In that terrible month of combats with bullet, bomb and bayonet, and especially from October 1 to 18, the Americans must have suffered not less than 100,000 casualties, though the exact figure I do not know. They found themselves up against a proposition calculated to spurn the stoutest hearts. They fought silently but grimly, doggedly and fiercely. The difficulty of supply was successfully overcome, despite the poverty of communications. The sight of fresh American divisions continually thrown into the fight at a time when the British Armies were hammering him mercilessly in the north broke Ludendorff's nerve and filled the enemy's mind with foreboding of inevitable disaster.

On October 25 the American line extended east and west a little north of Grandpre, and by the 31st Pershing was ready to launch his last great general attack. Preceded by a carefully-prepared artillery bombardment, this attack was delivered on November 1. It was completely successful and resulted in an advance of 40 kilometers and seven days. Under most adverse conditions of ground, season and incomplete services, General Pershing had fulfilled his mission, and had not the armistice been signed on November 11, the Second American Army would that very day have been launched in the Briey direction and would infallibly have succeeded.

To my mind there is nothing finer in the war than the splendid good-comradeship which General Pershing displaced throughout and nothing more striking than the determined way in which he pursued the original American plan of making American arms both respected and feared. The program of arrivals, speeded up and varied in response to the appeal of the Allies, involved him in appalling difficulties.

To all American fighters and workers, in the States and at the front, of all classes and ranks, our thanks, our heartfelt thanks, are due. Their association with our Armies will leave with us memories never to be forgotten—links the closest which join man to man, those of labors and dangers shared in common for a just and noble cause.

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GEN. PROPAGANDA EXPLAINS HOW HE WON BOCHE OVER

One Argonne Prisoner in
Three Carried Fatal
Pamphlets

BREAKFAST AS ADVERTISED

Powerful Weapon Borne to Enemy
by Airplane Had Share in
Winning War

There was one powerful weapon which was used by the American Army with startling and visible success in the closing campaign of the war which was never so much as mentioned in this or any other newspaper. There was one section of the service which no letter was permitted to describe, and the very existence of which the war correspondents were under stern orders to ignore.

But now the ban is lifted. So it may be said that while the artillery was pounding the German troops with shells and the infantry was shooting and slugging at them from ever closer range, the unsung propaganda section was silently bombarding them with arguments, busily unsettling them by suggestion.

It had the boundless satisfaction of seeing its suggestions followed. When the propaganda section was not out in the trenches with leaflets that broadly hinted at the wisdom of surrender and when, perhaps days, perhaps weeks later, these leaflets were found upon countless prisoners in our cages, the propaganda section was entitled to a little glow of complacency.

One Out of Every Three

Of the thousands of prisoners who passed through the examining cage of a single American corps during the first fortnight of the Meuse-Argonne campaign, it was found, upon examination, that one out of every three had our propaganda in his pocket. And this despite the fact that the German high command had decreed it a treasonable offense for any soldier so much as to have the accursed stuff in his possession. Which decree, by the way, also gave the propaganda section a little glow of complacency.

The origins of the service were interesting. At first Washington was a little reluctant, perhaps from an instinctive feeling that there must be something the matter with any weapon the German government was so fond of using. When our own propaganda was finally sanctioned, it was with this stipulation—that it should contain nothing but the truth.

The difference between our propaganda and its scrupulously exact facts and figures—the figures, for instance, on the number of troops arriving each month in France, the German propaganda which, in preparing for the Italian disaster at Caporetto, flooded the warm-blooded Italian troops with cunningly devised anonymous letters warning them that their wives at home were being unfaithful to them—well, it was a measure of the difference between the Imperial German Government and the Government of the United States of America.

"If Only They Knew"

Our propaganda section may be conceived of as having started something like this. A colonel, say, his name was probably Leitch—expedited by the Germans' blissful ignorance of the forces massing against them and by the lies their government was feeding them every hour, sighed deeply. "If only they knew the truth," said Colonel Leitch.

"Then why not tell them?" Some one suggested brightly. "Propaganda," said nothing but a fancy war name for publicity and who knows the publicity game better than the Yanks? Why, the Germans make no bones about admitting that they learned the trick from us. Now the difference between a Boche and a Yank is, first, that a Boche is someone who believes everything that's told him and a Yank is someone who disbelieves everything that is told him. That gives us a good start. The Boche believes all this rubbish his own government has been telling him; let's see how he swallows it. Give him a Boche, bring me a German printing press and four airplanes."

And so they began. Trucks, continuously supplied with the latest arguments done into neat bundles, would scud along the front—often somewhat painfully with the rear of the German guns—and also supplied with the latest news as to wind and enemy movements. Thus equipped, they could direct their bulbous noses to the places where they would do the most good, reaching Alsatian troops or the Czech-Slovak forces with appropriate arguments.

By the Air Route

As soon as President Wilson would give an utterance intended for the world, (which includes the German Army), the propaganda section would translate it into German and deliver it by the air route to all the areas within reach. All the news of the German disasters which began in mid-July, the steadily rising total of German prisoners in the Allied pen—these were done into leaflets and delivered to the German front.

There were really two phases of the propaganda—the general arguments designed to weaken the enemy's will to fight and addressed to all the troops as far back as the airplanes could go, and the specific arguments, intended to persuade a soldier in the front line to throw up his hands and come over.

The arguments of the first class may be illustrated by such an insidious little questionnaire as this—questionnaires for him to think over in his bunk at night:

1. Will you ever again be as strong as you were in July, 1918?
2. Will your opponents grow daily stronger or weaker?
3. Have your previous losses suffered in 1918 brought you the victorious peace which your leaders promised you?
4. Have you still a final hope of victory?
5. Do you want to give up your life in a hopeless cause?

The effect of these arguments, aimed at the German soldier in his rest area, could never be measured. The effect of the arguments directly calculated to induce surrender could be measured by the number of Germans who, having obviously read and pondered our suggestions, did actually surrender.

Of this class, two of the leaflets sent over worked tremendous havoc in the enemy morale. One was a simple translation of the General Order on the treatment of prisoners, with such telling paragraphs as this in it:

"The law of nature and of nations will be sacredly heeded in the treatment of prisoners of war. They will be accorded every consideration dictated by the principles of humanity. The be-

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING THAT THIS SPARTACUS STUFF ISN'T ALL IT'S
CRACKED UP TO BE

Germany, Dec. 30, 1918.

Begates Heindrick. Well Henry I am going to write you another letter because maybe I won't be in Germany very long. I will either be all beat up or will be in jail for beating another guy up or will be homeward bound Henry I don't know which.

Well Henry you remember old Spud Morton don't you. Well he is the guy who is going to get all beat up etc. because he done me a dirty trick.

The skipper lined up the co. and was asking every man questions which he was putting down on cards as fast as he could ask them and we was all lined up like a pay line or for inspection or something only of course we didn't have near so much to worry about as if it had been an inspection.

Spud Morton and me was down towards the tail end of the line and Buck was way up front. So of course Buck got through before we did and he come back and told us what they wanted of us. The card was for classification and one of the questions which Buck told us about was What is your occupation. Well Spud says We will have some fun out of the skipper. He says When he asks you what your occupation is you tell him Bolshevik. And then Henry I asked Spud what Bolshevik meant and he said Homeward bound. Well Henry that sounded good to me and so I says Well if I say that you will have to say it to and he said he would. He was going to go to holler Murray for Spartacus. Well Henry I didn't know what that was but of course Spud ought to know if it was all rite etc. because he went to school a year longer than you and I did. So when it come my turn the skipper asked me about a dozen foolish questions then he asked me what my occupation was and I hollered out Bolshevik hurrah for Spartacus.

Well Henry I was in the guard house for a few days before I got a chance to tell the skipper what all had happened and then he give me a awful lecture and turned me lose.

Well Henry if you don't know who the Bolsheviks is and who Spartacus is I will tell you. The Bolsheviks is the ones that are trying to run Russia and who is making a awful bull out of it and who is also now trying to make the world a hell of a place to live in over in Berlin. And Henry Spartacus was the guy you remember who we studied about in history the year Miss Warren taught his class. He was the main squeeze with the Roman gladiators who used to go out and throw the bulls while their best girls looked on etc. Well he has got some distink relatives in Germany and in Russia who are crazy enough etc. to believe they are as strong as he was. Well Henry I don't understand just who they are and etc. but I know they are the same ones that had the soldiers and workers council here at this place before we come and I seen some of them and from their looks I don't think they know what they want. The skipper told me a lot more about them which I can't

remember. Anyway Henry I just goes to show that they don't know just what they want etc. because they don't know any more than I do and you see how much I knowed about them in the first place. Anyway Henry I ain't no Bolshevik or any Spartacus and I ain't going around trying to ruin a country and

Well Henry I guess no body will ever be playing Bolshevik tricks on me again. So long.

S. T. B.

P.S. The Top says it wasn't no cannon I run into that knocked me out. But he is kidding I guess because there wasn't another thing there to run into.

Well Henry I finally got up and covered up and started to work on him. I would of sure made him a mighty fine candidate for the hospital if an accident hadn't occurred when it did. I doctored my head and was going to hit him with a side swing when I poked my nose into a German cannon which knocked me clean out. The Top come along and stopped the fight.

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HEAD OF TUSKEGEE SEES COLORED UNITS

Dr. Moton Addresses
Many of 250,000 Negroes
in A.E.F.

During the past two weeks many of the 250,000 colored soldiers in the A.E.F. have been visited by Dr. Robert E. Moton, successor to the late Booker T. Washington as principal of Tuskegee Institute, who has come to France at the instance of President Wilson and Secretary Baker as an advisor on African matters to the American Peace Mission. Dr. Moton, in the course of a 1,000 mile automobile trip from Laon down through Lorraine and Alsace, met and talked with the men of the 92nd Division, and the 369th, 370th, 371st and 372nd Infantry Regiments, which have been brigaded with French troops for a long period.

At Brest, where he landed, he spoke before an assembly of colored officers. His trip also included stops at St. Nazaire, Bordeaux and Giverny. Everywhere he has been, he says, he has found the colored soldiers in good health and spirits.

Must Be Manly, Yet Modest. In his talks to the men, Dr. Moton, after complimenting them on their record and their willingness to work, has assured them that white and colored Americans alike will cordially welcome them upon their return home. Above all, he has stressed the importance of the colored soldier's going back to the United States in a manly, yet modest, unassuming manner.

"In war," said Dr. Moton, at one point, "you have met the test and won, but a far greater test and a much more doubtful victory awaits you than you faced during the past year and a half. It is a greater test and much more severe and important battle than ever you fought before."

"It is a battle not against Germans, but against black Americans. This bat-

tle is against the men into whose faces I now look. It is your individual, personal battle—a battle of self-control, against laziness, shiftlessness and wilfulness."

"The best time to begin to show self-control is right here in France. Leave such a reputation here as will constrain our Allies, who have watched as with interest, to say forever that the American negro will always be welcome not only because of his courage but because of his character."

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Montevideo, Minn. Watertown, N. Dakota
Aberdeen, South Dakota

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Sends

Greetings
to the Boys

"OVER THERE"

From the New York
HIPPODROME

"OVER HERE"

To the
American Expeditionary Forces

and especially to
Our Boys

from
Minnesota and South Dakota

Here's to You!

Wish we could see you today,
And shake your hand and say
"Merry Christmas — Happy
New Year" in the good old,
old fashioned way.

"GOOD LUCK"

Calmenson
CLOTHING CO.

Montevideo, Minn. Watertown, N. Dakota
Aberdeen, South Dakota

When Private Brown got back from France

THE first thing he did after annihilating the best dinner that ever came out of the Brown kitchen, was to stroll down town and buy a new hat.

"Oh, Boy!" said he. "You've no idea how fed-up a fellow gets of a hat that's been stamped out of a bit of Bethlehem steel, with no more individuality than a spoke in a wagon wheel."

And he walked out of the store with a new hat. He'd been tilted over so slightly to one side—just to show how he felt toward the world.

Perhaps that isn't quite your idea of a home-coming celebration—but then Private Brown is one of these chaps who are always dragging their hats into everything. He'd be his hat on the slightest provocation—and the longest oblige. He was forever throwing his hat into the ring, as he put it. He set a great store by his hat—

Perhaps that's why he always wore Mallory.

When you get back, you'll find plenty of good Mallory Hats ready for you—at the best shops, as always.

Mallory
Hats

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, INC.
234 E. 4th St., New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

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(N. Y. Stock Exchange
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VICTORY PROSPERITY

Two heights in a
smart roll front style

Ide
COLLARS

have—exclusively—
Lino-card Unbreakable Duttonholes

GEO. PIDE & CO. Makers, TROY, N.Y.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY
OF AMERICA

MAKERS OF LOCOMOBILE CARS
AND RIKER TRUCKS

Sends New Years Greeting
to the Locomobile Men in the Service

EXECUTIVE

His eyes are clearer now than when
In vanished days he toed the plate.
For he has closed the eyes of men
Whom death had passed thro' life's last gate.

HOBEBY BAKER MAKES HIS FINAL FLIGHT

Instantly Killed When Ma-
chine Plunges to Earth
Near Toul

FAMOUS FOOTBALL STAR

His Passing Swells Princeton's
List of Athletic Dead to
Nineteen

"Hobey" Baker, famous Princeton football star and hockey player, and a captain in the United States Air Service, has made his last flight, and there is another good star in Princeton's athletic service flag.

When Capt. Baker, after several months of service at the front, received orders to return to the States, he expressed the wish to make "one last flight." According to him, he entered his machine with a fellow aviator and soared above the big airfield near Toul. While flying at a low altitude, he fell into an air pocket, the machine becoming unmanageable, and a few minutes later he lay dead, with his companion, amid the wreckage of his crumpled plane.

The ranks of Princeton athletes have suffered heavily in the war, and the passing of Baker swells the total killed to 19 while the list of wounded number 10. Upon this roll of honor are recorded many names that have only to be mentioned to recall to mind historic battles fought out upon the gridiron, the diamond and the cinder path.

Host of Princeton Athletics Dead

When Baker crossed the Great Divide he joined Johnnie Poe, '95, one of the greatest football backs the game has ever produced; Harry Cochran, '98, captain of the championship football team of 1899; Lt. Walter L. Foulke, '05, captain of the football eleven of 1901; Arthur Blueenthal, '13, all-American center and member of the championship football team of 1911; Lt. Samuel J. Reid, Jr., '00, baseball captain, catcher and shortstop; Capt. Phineas P. Christie, '12, star quarterback; Warden McCann, '12, guard on the championship football team of 1911; John V. Gallagher, Jr., '12, star fullback; Capt. Charles D. Baker, '13, tackle; Lt. Allen W. Talley, '16, baseball star; Lt. Ben Bullock, '16, manager of the basketball team of 1916; James Dana Paul and Lt. Arthur V. Savage, '17, members of the crew that beat Harvard in 1916; Lt. Julian N. Dowell, '16, star of the cinderpath; Lt. Arthur Freyer, '19, and Lt. J. N. C. Ross, '17, soccer players; John V. W. Reynolds, Jr., '17, freshman crew; and Harold K. Bulkeley, '19, captain of the freshman tennis team.

A list of the wounded includes Lt. Nelson Poe, '97, of the championship football team of 1899; Lt. Herbert J. Richardson, '16, track athlete; Lt. H. W. Rolph, '10, wrestling team; J. E. Thurston, J. Davies, '16, basketball team; Capt. V. S. Merle-Smith, '11; Capt. Ham Andrews, '13; Capt. Paul Lloyd, '04; Capt. C. W. McGraw, '19; Bob Nourse, '17; and Lt. Edgar Allen Poe, Jr., '18, football stars.

New York and Columbia Universities have declined to meet the University of Pennsylvania upon the gridiron next fall, for reasons not made public.

Upon this side of the water the future is bright for all lines of sport. The A.E.F. is going in for sports on a big scale, and the Government and the Army authorities are firmly behind the plan, which gives promise of a busy winter and spring.

OARSMEN TO TRAIN FOR RACE ON SEINE

American Crews Will Be
Carefully Groomed for
March Contest

Rowing enthusiasts in the ranks of the A.E.F. who have signified their willingness to represent the United States in the international regatta which will be held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus on the Seine in March will go into training about the middle of this month.

Big Bill McCabe, who will coach the crews, assisted by an advisory committee composed of famous American oarsmen, has already made arrangements to house his proteges in a boarding house situated on an island in the Seine, where the men will live and eat at a training table.

After Sculling Honors
In addition to developing an eight and a four, an effort will be made to pick three men who can win the double and single sculling contests. McCabe is confident that the United States will win in the single sculls. In Louis A. Peterson, of the West Side Rowing Club, Buffalo, now a lieutenant in the Naval aviation service, and John B. Kelly, of the Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, now with the "Transportation" Department of the Army, he believes he has two single scullers either of whom should prove a winner.

Additional entries received by McCabe include many of the best college oarsmen in America a few of whom are Hopkins, Goes and Sumnerville, of Syracuse; Lashar and Romberg, of Yale; Horlick, Taber and Metcalf, of Harvard; Saltza, of Columbia; Little, of Princeton; Webster, of the University of Wisconsin; and Overlock, Sloan, Ryan, Penmyr, Rind and J. M. McDermott, of Cornell.

MEISTER CAPTURES
SWIM ON THE SEINE
Fifteen men and two women plunged into the icy waters of the Seine at the Pont Alexandre III on the afternoon of Christmas Day in the tenth annual contest for the Christmas cup offered by the President of the French Republic. They represented three nations, France, Belgium and the United States.

Less than three minutes later, five of them had registered at the finish line and the others, finding the swift current too much of a handicap, had been swept down stream and forced to land at other points.

Meister, Rigal and Poullier, three Frenchmen, finished in order named, while the only two Americans entered, Vanshelle and Sanderson, registered fourth and fifth places. Meister, a veteran polio, wounded in the leg, scored his eighth victory in this event. His time was two minutes nineteen seconds for the distance, 300 meters.

WORLD'S SERIES HERO NOT ON THE MARKET

Sgt. Hank Gowdy, hero of the 1914 world's series, soldier and gentleman, need not worry about any possibility of being without a job when he is mustered out of the Army.

George Stallings, manager of the Braves, is determined to hold on to Hank just as long as this peerless backstop retains his old time skill with bat and glove—which is a long time, according to experts.

Stallings has just turned down a flat offer of \$15,000 for Hank's services, which have jumped tremendously in value since Hank came to France to do his bit to down Kaiserism.

Sport lovers will not soon forget that Hank cheerfully answered the call of duty, waived red tape and exemption claims, and has seen actual service with the Infantry.

SLAM BANG SHOW IS STAGED AT ANGERS

Absence of Mollicoddism
Attested by Three Clean
Knockouts

There was nothing mollicoddish about the All-American boxing show staged at the Orgue Theatre in Angers Sunday night. It was a slam-bang tournament from start to finish, as is attested by the fact that three of the six bouts resulted in knockouts.

The main battle was a ten-round go between Jimmy Duffy, of the 116th Engineers, and Charlie Sheppard, of the 18th Coast Artillery. Both lads are lightweights with a record, Duffy having met and defeated the best men in his class, and Sheppard being a former amateur lightweight champion of the world. As a result, there was some rough milling from the sound of the gong, but after they had punched and pounded each other for ten rounds, Referee Jake Carey, called it a draw.

Harrell, of the Machine Gun Company, and Stocklin, of the Engineers, and Weinberg, of the Artillery, engaged in two good bouts which terminated with honors even at the end of four rounds.

Young Caponi, of the 110th Engineers, treated Kid Amerolf to a private exhibition of fireworks in the third round of what opened as a four-round contest. Youth Rathburn, also of the 110th Engineers, put Kid Hardman, of the Artillery, to sleep in the second round of their bout. Grady, of the Artillery, knocked out O'Hara, of the Machine Gun Company, in the second round.

Jake Carey, New York State fight promoter, was in charge and had arranged six good bouts between Frenchmen, all of which turned out to be well fought and interesting. But the real thrill came toward the close when one of the khaki-clad spectators, Edward Tourangeau by name, expressed a wish to go on with Kid Marlin, a husky Frenchman.

The arrangements were quickly made. Tourangeau got into fighting togs, and when the gong sounded the two boys went to it with a will, while the big audience rose and cheered them on. For five rounds it was nip and tuck, but in the sixth and the Yank batter showed signs of weakening. Nearly through, he stuck it out, and was still plugging away when the round ended. The judges declared the bout a draw. The boys agreed to fight again next week.

Jeanmone and Bonroy put on six furious rounds in the semi-wind-up. Jeanmone proved faster and had the best of the battle.

Berlie won a four-round bout with Vianet, the lads fighting at 120 pounds. Glaise and Goby fought to a draw. Boin and Villens and Devillard and Diamond, featherweights, opened the show in two four-round bouts, Boin and Devillard winning.

WITH THE PUGS

The steamer Cordic which reached New York last week from Europe brought home many of the United States Army and Navy boxers who participated in the recent King's Trophy Bout in London when over \$100,000 was raised in two days for the benefit of wounded English soldiers.

Corporal Tommy Gavigan, of Cleveland and Johnny Newton, of the Sixth Supply Train, battled ten rounds to a draw at Pontevoy, Lor-et-Cher, on Christmas Day before a large holiday crowd of soldiers and civilians.

Charlie Swan, former Cleveland sporting writer and light promoter, now a first class sergeant in the Tank Corps, dropped in to wish us a happy New Year. Swan came to gaze Europe with the Tank Corps players. Charlie says the A.E.F. championship bouts will prove a great boost for the boxing game.

When Referee Jake Carey introduced Eddie McGoorty, Augie Tanner, Joe Lynch and Memphis Gene Delmont at the opening of the K. of C. boxing club in Paris last week, the boys were given big hands. Danny Dunn, Alex McLean, Billy Roche and half a dozen other well known American boxing promoters were present and received a big ovation.

Charles Cochran, manager of the Holborn Stadium, London, has offered \$37,500 for a match between Carpenter and Billy Wells. When these two met December 8, 1918, for the heavy weight championship of Europe, Wells was put to sleep in one minute and 13 seconds.

Fred Boon, well known in sporting circles in Europe and the United States, died this week after a long illness. Boon introduced boxing in Paris more than 30 years ago, when bouts in public were forbidden and the game was little known.

Efforts are being made by boxing fans with the backing of several newspapers, to re-establish theistic game in Illinois and Nebraska. The influence of returning soldiers is being counted on to help the campaign.

MILLION DOLLARS FOR FOOTBALL SUITS

Congressional Appropria-
tion to Be Used for
Army Teams

FOSDICK PLEDGES HIS AID

Director of Training Camps in the
States Tells How Sports
Helped Down Hun

The plan for conducting A.E.F. championships in the principal lines of sport, as announced in THE STARS AND STRIPES last week, received another big boost a few days ago when Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities in the United States, after a conference with General Pershing and Col. W. F. Johnson, pledged a million dollars immediately to further athletics among the Yanks in France.

Mr. Fosdick is here at the suggestion of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker to see whether there is anything that can be done for the troops along recreational and other lines, either by the Government or by private agencies. He came over on the Martha Washington with the presidential party.

The million dollars will be used to provide football suits and is a part of a Congressional appropriation of about two million dollars which was set aside for the work of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities in the United States.

Football, football and baseball have already done their bit in downing the Hun, according to Mr. Fosdick. Speaking of athletics in the camps at home, he said:

"The value of athletic sports and exercises of various kinds as a means of promoting and maintaining military efficiency and morale has been well demonstrated by the English and Canadians before the United States entered the war.

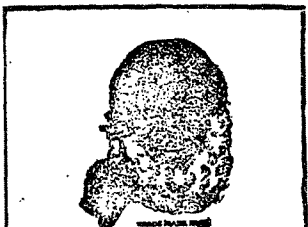
"Influenced by this experience, we undertook at once to formulate a broad program of athletics in the camps, and in carrying out this plan we employed 44 athletic directors and 30 skilled boxing instructors.

"Boxing was organized in such a way to give every soldier instruction in the fundamentals of the game. This work proved particularly valuable, because it developed qualities of confidence, courage and aggressiveness, the fundamentals for success in bayonet fighting.

"Athletes in the camps resulted in wide participation in sports by men who before they came into the Army were ignorant of the simplest forms of competitive games."

ZUNA FIRST IN C. C. RACE AT COLOMBES

Frank Zuna, former Irish-American champion, of Company L, 2nd Pioneer, won the cross-country race held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. at Colombes last week, covering the rain-soaked course of five and one-half miles in 25 minutes 54.45 seconds. Nick Giannakopoulos, 106 Infantry, was second, and Herman C. Johnson, 102nd A.M.M. Train, 27th Division, third.



SHAVING becomes a pleasant routine with the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor. You get a speedy, smooth, clean shave every time with those marvelous 'Radio' Blades—keen to shave you—their keenness triply protected against rust and dust by individual patented package.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razors and 'Ever-Ready' 'Radio' Blades can be obtained at Y.M.C.A. and other canteens.

Ever-Ready's
Safety Razor

TO MANAGE SPORTS FOR 500,000 YANKS

Col. John S. Sewell, base commander, Section 1, has named Lt. Eddie Hart, 17th Engineers, athletic manager for that base. He will have charge of all athletics for Section 1, including the activities of the St. Nazaire football team, recent winners at Tours.

He is expected to lead a million troops will pass through St. Nazaire homeward bound during the next eight months, and Hart will prepare elaborate plays to amuse the returning Yanks and keep them physically fit.

He is already well known in the S.O.S. through his coaching of the St. Nazaire football team and from his connection with St. Nazaire in the Race to Berlin.

Hart was one of the stars of the Princeton football team of 1910. He will be assisted in his work by Charles S. Lee, Y.M.C.A. secretary.

OUTLOOK IS BRIGHT FOR SPORTS IN 1919

Major Leagues Planning
to Resume Baseball,
Cutting Schedules

While it is not to be expected that professional baseball and college athletics will recover immediately from the effects of the war, the outlook for the new year is anything but discouraging.

The American and National Leagues will resume baseball on a 140-game basis, instead of playing 154 games as heretofore, and the American Baseball Association managers have announced that they will start hanging the old horseshoe in that circuit on April 29.

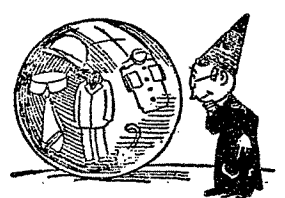
Athletic authorities at Cornell University have decided not to revive intercollegiate rowing at Ithaca until 1920, although crews for that year will be developed through in-class competition. Intercollegiate track sports and baseball will be resumed, however.

Cornell's decision not to be represented with an intercollegiate crew has not affected this branch of sport at Columbia, which is already laying plans to uphold its prestige upon the water this spring. Columbia's track team will also be active, Carl Merner having been re-engaged as coach.

Washington and Jefferson College will not be represented by a baseball nine this year, and present indications are that the annual historic clash between the Army and the Navy upon the diamond will be passed up, at least for the coming season.

O'LAUGHLIN DEAD

Francis O'Laughlin, known to thousands of baseball fans in the United States as "Silk," and for many years American League umpire, succumbed to double pneumonia last week at Boston, Mass.



Old Prof. Porcupine, the celebrated crystal reader, says he sees a coming need for substantial, well-made "Cits" for some thousands of Yankee soldiers!

Abundant stocks in all our four stores.

See you soon!

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
Broadway at 13th St. "The Four Broadway Corners" Fifth Ave. at 41st St. al Warren
NEW YORK CITY

THE GENERAL TIRE

Stands Up and Delivers
When that canny little collector, the speedometer, gathers toll, his richest hauls invariably come from

Right in materials; built right—every ounce of rubber, every inch of fabric or cord, selected and tested for quality; every measurement true to the thousandth of an inch.

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The General Tire & Rubber Company

Fabric or Cord for pleasure cars or light trucks.
Fabric or Cord for trucks of any kind—doing anything.

A.E.F. BOUTS WILL PRODUCE NEW CHAMP

Competition to Give World
Real Heavyweight Title
Holder

GENUINE FIGHTER WANTED

Billy Roche, Veteran Referee,
Scores Present Champion, Who
Won on Fluke

The boxing championship bouts soon to be conducted throughout the A.E.F. under Government supervision will produce a heavyweight champion competent to knock the tar and feathers off the hide of the present title holder.

This is the opinion of Billy Roche, the famous referee, who has officiated as the third man in probably more important bouts held in the United States under the Frawley law than any other referee. Roche is now a Knight of Columbus secretary in France and is devoting most of his time to his favorite pastime—fistic contests.

"The present 'champion' is a champion in name only," said Roche to the Sporting Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES. "When he fought Jack Johnson, the colored man entered the ring after five years of the wildest kind of dissipation. He was in no condition to fight. Who has this 'champion' fought since he won the championship? He won a ten-round decision, and that is all."

"When he failed to appear, as advertised, at Madison Square Garden last spring to take part in a boxing exhibition arranged as an entertainment for the famous Blue Devils of France and as a boost for the Liberty Loan," continued Roche, "he forfeited the respect of all true sportsmen. Even his manager could not stand such conduct, and as a result they split."

"Again," at a Red Cross benefit, where this man was asked to appear the second time, he wired back that he could not be present, owing to the fact that his oil interests needed his attention.

"He is reaping the money now. He doesn't want to fight anybody in his class. He will be an easy mark for a real fighter such as can be found among the two million clean young Americans in our Army."

"No slicker should be allowed to hold the title of heavyweight champion. It is up to the boys in the A.E.F. to get busy and produce a new champion—a real fighter."

Pat Moore announces that he will accept an offer of \$10,000 for a return match with Jimmy Wilde, champion bantam weight of England, over a longer route.

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JEWISH WELFARE BOARD
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To "Wear-Ever" Men!

No company has for its returning men a welcome more sincere than your company has for you.


Proud, indeed, are we of what you have done—proud of what you were willing to do.

Your jobs are waiting for you—every one!

Other jobs will be ready soon for at least a few other men who have had some sales experience and for more men who have had no sales experience but who wish to get it.

If you are an old "Wear-Ever" man or if you are a possible new "Wear-Ever" man, we suggest that you write us, stating just WHAT you would like to do—and WHEN.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Desk A
New Kensington, Pa.





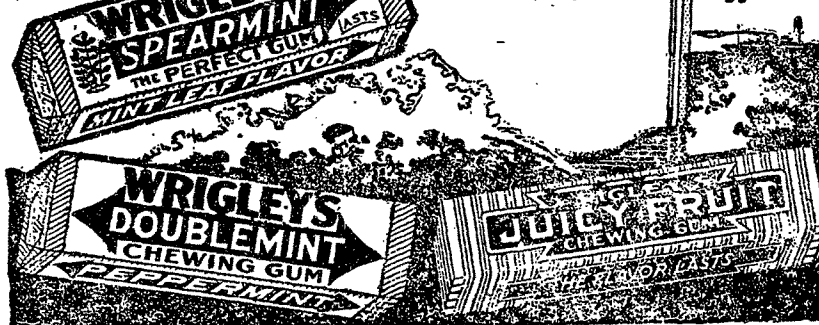
On Land--At Sea

Wherever men go, you will find WRIGLEY'S goes too, to comfort and refresh in times of stress. It means benefit and enjoyment.

WRIGLEY'S is the universal favorite—largest selling gum in the world.

At Canteens, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other stores.

The Flavor Lasts!



"After every meal"

AFTER THE WAR LITERATURE

—By WALLGREN

THE WAR FROM THE INSIDE OR TEN MONTHS IN THE BRIG
BY
PYT VIN BLANC

A THOUSAND TO ONE.
AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE PERSONAL PROCLIVITIES OF THE COOTIES
BY
CORPORAL SCRATCH A. E. F.

WHY I JOINED THE ARMY
BY
MUSTERDOUT

THE HORRORS OF WAR IN THE S. O. S.
BY
Q-M 367. SOUVENIR

HELPEFUL HINTS
HOW TO WRITE A BOOK.
SHOULD I HAVE USED A TYPEWRITER?
OH, MY RO— THEN, WE WOULDN'T HAVE NO FUN RUB-BING NOTHIN' OUT!

ARMY COOK BOOK
A THOUSAND DIFFICULT WAYS TO PREPARE SLUM WITHOUT A HANG-UP— ALSO ONE OTHER RECIPE.
BY
K. P.

ALONE IN THE WORLD
BY
TOP SERGEANT
PUBLISHED BY NOBODY NOES

"JAWBONE" OR SEVEN MONTHS IN FRANCE WITHOUT A SOUS
BY
A CASUAL
PUBLISHED BY LOAN CO

PASSING THE BUCK
BY
A COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

THE AUTHOR WHO HELD A HIGHLY LUCRATIVE POSITION BEFORE THE DRAFT.

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A.E.F. WOODSMEN COULD FENCE IN THIRD OF GLOBE

Forestry Division Works 107 Sawmills at 76 Points in France

FUEL FOR RHINE ARMY NOW

Raw Material for Railroad Ties, Bread Cases, Artificial Limbs All in Day's Grind

Imagine a barracks 600 miles long and 20 feet wide, big enough to house the whole American A.E.F. at the time of the armistice and to spare; imagine a flag pole 435 miles high; or enough fuel wood to make a rich three feet wide, three feet high and 600 miles long.

That is one way of showing what the Forestry Division of the A.E.F. has accomplished from the time it got under way in 1917. And the 17,000-odd members of its personnel were still whirling around at a dizzy rate when the Kaiser sneaked out of the ring.

The standard gauge railroad ties produced would build a line of railroad 1,001 miles long, or from St. Nazaire to Berlin via Tours and Paris. The small ties, 24-inch gauge, would build a double track parallel to 186 miles of trenches. The pickets, posts and poles, if all cut into six-foot fence posts, would make a fence, with posts a rod apart, reaching one-third of the way round the earth. The piling would have made the afore-said flag pole.

At present the forestry men, working 107 sawmills at 76 places in France, are busy clearing up, and getting out fuel wood for the Army of Occupation as well. Incidentally, they are members of the biggest regiment in the world, the 20th Engineers, and to them are attached, in addition, 28 Engineer service companies.

Tent Pins to Dock Piling

The boys have worked out lumber for coffins, part oak and part pine, which were made up by French factories. They have furnished baseboard which went into the manufacture of artificial limbs. Their spruce cuttings have gone into aircraft. They have sawed and cut lumber which went into hard bread cases and into the wheels and tongues of the Motor Transport Corps, vehicles. Their round products ranged all the way from tent pins to dock piling, 100 feet in length. And there was in contemplation at one time, in connection with the forestry operations, a box factory capable of handling a million and a half feet of lumber monthly, or enough for 72,000 bread boxes 32x15x13 inches.

As a further evidence of the zeal and energy with which the forestry men were doing their task, the total October output was 50,794,500 feet, board measure, of sawed material; 692,208 railroad ties, 106,588 ties for light railways at the front; 7,518 piles for new dock projects; 151,464 staves of fuel wood and 248,823 pieces of miscellaneous round products.

Soon after the entry of the United States into the war it was seen that the demand for lumber for the American Army would far exceed the maximum cargo space that might be allotted. Lumber was needed in large quantities and it was needed quickly.

The decision was reached to organize two forestry regiments, and America was combed for men experienced in this line. Two units, the 10th and 20th Engineers, were formed, reinforced by service battalions.

The job of producing logs and bringing them from the woods to the mills and to the railroads required the construction of narrow-gauge railroads 80 centimeters, one meter, and three feet wide, and standard-gauge sidings and spurs. This involved a total length of about 150 miles, 1,532 cars and 68 locomotives. Where trestles were needed, trestles were promptly erected. There is one at Captieux (Gironde) 450 feet long, 45 feet in height at its highest point and requiring 120,000 feet, board measure, of lumber.

Working Day and Night
The men made their own camps, set up their own mills, built their own logging railroads and sidings, and their own loads and wagons. They even turned into harness makers on one occasion when harness were unobtainable, and though the result looked like a cross between a junk dealer's equine at home and the trappings of a circus mule, it held—and that was what counted.

WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON THE RHINE

Little did the doughboy think, when first he encountered the French language, that before many months had passed he would be searching through German villages for some one who could comprehend French and so would understand him. Yet, so it is these days along the Rhine. A handy lexicon, being prepared which turns all the doughboy's French into German. With these phrases he will find his every legitimate need met. Here is a sample page.

C'est la guerre.....Er ist der Krieg
Finée la guerre.....Der Krieg ist aus
Deux Riesen.....Zwei Riesen
Un cognac.....Ein Kognac
Toute droile.....Immer gerade aus
Knoere.....Och eins
A dring.....Nichts
A gauche.....Links
Pah bonn.....Nicht gut
Sule boche.....Edel Deutscher
Allez.....Heraus
Ziz-zaz.....Getrunken
Meret, Mamzelle.....Danke, Fraulein
Trois francs.....Funzig Mark
This is not a literal translation, but it facilitates conversation for beginners to use it on the Rhine.

The sight of sights at Coblenz is the towering statue of the first Wilhelm, which prances victorious at the Battery, or, rather, at that city pole where the Kaiser and the Rhine flow together. Doughboys swarm over it, climbing the stairways and emerging high above the river just under the huge, uplifted roof of the conqueror's horse. There is an inscription, of course, and it runs something like this:

"Wenn wir einig sind und treu."
A passing German was asked by two Yanks to translate. He was delighted to oblige.

"I cannot it exactly übersetzen, aber it means that Deutschland is unquickerable and."

But the Yanks had tottered on their way.

When the 9th Infantry entered the agreeable town of Remagen on the Rhine, they observed the occasion by making the astonished river banks from Drachenfels to Bonn echo with some of the jazziest strains ever lifted from the regimental band. They were doubtless moved to this festive deed by the sight of the main hotel which had, until recently, been known as the "Deutscher Kaiser Hof."

Now that name of unpleasant memories was erased, and what greeted the entering Americans was "Central Hotel" in bold—even unblushing—letters. Very likely by this time the neighboring hostelry has been named the Commercial House and is opening a sample room.

The Germans in Godesburg had all sorts of delicate ways of expressing their morning hate. The Canadians who took over that prosperous Rhine town found that the porcelain fixtures in the wash-rooms were trade-marked "Britannia."

It isn't the well-stocked American kitchens which make the Rhinelander as green as a prisoner uniform. They yearn for our white bread, it is true, and for our real coffee, but it is our soap they will sell their souls for and our rubber that astonishes them.

It is interesting to see a curb full of Germans staring wide-eyed at a passing American company, each member of which is clumping luxuriously through the December mud in high, swash-buckling rubber boots.

All the Rhineland towns occupied by the Americans are populous with natives who prout about asking for some news of relatives in America. They all seem to have them, as we might have been prepared to expect by the considerable number of German-Americans who were smoked out back home in 1914. The other day two Yanks had lost their way in the country and decided to ask for directions from a German seen approaching them.

"He probably speaks English. He looks as if he had an aunt in Brooklyn." "Looks more as if he had an uncle in Milwaukee. But let's ask him, anyway."

So they did, and the native responded

was quickly discovered that the only sawmill worth while in France was the one that was operating 24 hours a day. The rule is told of one little mill, mated at 10,000 board feet in ten hours, that became uneasy during two ten-hour shifts, and just to show what it really could do, put out a total of 63,800 board feet; and that of a 20,000 foot mill which cut 122,000 board feet in 20 hours.

For the month it averaged between 80,000 and 85,000 feet a day. At the time of the St. Mihiel drive an urgent order came from the First Army for several million board feet of road plank, to be used for the transportation of artillery. And the mills turned from other rush orders to get out this plank. There wasn't enough in the yards. The men had to go out into the woods and cut down the trees. The instructions to the mills read: "This is your big opportunity. Don't fail." The splendid news of the wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient in 27 hours was ample proof that they didn't.

with a voluble jargon that set them straight. That date, he explained, "I like America," he volunteered. "I have ein bruder in Fresno, California."

When the first American Infantry reached Coblenz they found waiting for them a discharged German soldier who had come down to meet them, because long ago, he had lived in Kansas City and had served in the Missouri National Guard. He was looking for his old captain. He was too late. His old captain was killed on the edge of the Forest of Argonne.

The first man in the Army of Occupation to cross the Rhine died the following day. He was an Engineer who, two weeks before, was struck and injured by a train in the newly established railroad at Coblenz. Across the river was a Red Cross hospital, packed with German wounded, and there he was carried. When he died, the next day, he was buried in the little village churchyard. The wounded enemy soldiers in the hospital chipped together and bought the wreath that lies now on his grave.

There are certain couriers with the Third American Army who should worry about the paymaster. They had been hiding their Morganic talents in the humble guise of dispatch riders, and their daily courses lay between Metz or Nancy on the one hand and Luxembourg, Trier or Coblenz on the other. They noted that the value of the mark fluctuated wildly between these cities. They noted, for instance, that on the same day when they had been asked 125 francs for 100 marks in Luxembourg, they were asked 145 marks for 100 francs in Nancy. So, on the side, they dabbled in international finance. For 500 francs (it can be done by craps) they would buy 625 marks in Nancy. This would bring them around 750 francs in Luxembourg next day. With this they would acquire more

than 1,000 marks in Metz. And so on and so on. They should worry about the paymaster.

Trundling across the river from Andernach one day recently were 22 supply wagons that had come all the way from El Paso for this express purpose. They were the wagons of the supply company of the 125th Infantry, and no one who looked at their neat wheels and covers would ever have guessed that they had journeyed from the Rio Grande to the Rhine.

Those wagons have been present at all the battles from the Ourcq to the Meuse. They knew Montfaucon and Juvigny. This, however, was not their first excursion on German soil. They laughed, these veteran wagons, at the juvenile elation of the other supply companies over this great adventure. For they had been in German territory as long ago as last May, when their regiment led the American forces into the semi-Alpine fastnesses of Alsace.

One of the most crowded cafés in Coblenz is run by a German aviator named Wahl, who used to fly in the old days with the late Lincoln Beachey and other Americans back home. So he has much talk about flying with his many American patrons these days. His café is always jolly and bright and prosperous.

There are many like it in the attractive Rhine towns. So much pleasant places to stay these days than Soissons and Fismes and Arras.

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THE BEST DISHES READY FOR USE ARE PREPARED BY
Amieux frères
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To obtain quality and value and to be well attended, go to
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Write for our SPECIAL WINTER CATALOGUES. Orders promptly executed by our English staff.
Parcels can be forwarded direct to the front and to any address in the United States.
All shipping done free of charge in France over 25 francs.

NANTES GIVES CLUB

Citizens of Nantes have made a gift to American officers of that part of an Officers' Club. The club, which is located at 4 Rue Voltaire, consists of a complete floor for continuous use, with the additional privilege of a banquet hall on the street floor when desired. There are five club rooms, including a billiard room, library, writing room and buffet-auditorium. All are elaborately furnished. They have been turned over to the Americans for their exclusive use for the duration of their stay in France. There will be no expense whatever, all rent and light charges being waived.

"All I've done in France is drill, and ride around in box cars."
"Ah, training and entraining, eh?"

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL
11 Rue Grégoire
Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers
Rooms from 6 to 30 francs

The Allies' Victory will soon show MR. LOITI, who has been mobbed since the beginning of the war, to some extent, a management of his hotel, "THE LOTTI," which has been known since the opening, in 1913, as the "Paris Home" for the best society.

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The clearest, detailed map in one sheet with colored lines showing the German invasion, the Historical Line where the Armistice was signed, and also the Allies' Line of Occupation.
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YANKS AT HINGES IN COUNTER OFFENSIVE BELOW SOISSONS

Continued from Page 1

ported by the 28th, south of the Marne to the eastward of Chateau-Thierry, each bore a glorious part in this slugging of the German attack, which will be mentioned in a little more detail when the service of these individual divisions in the counter-offensive is taken up.

The Counter Stroke

On July 18, when the enemy had involved practically 50 divisions—or about 25 per cent of his total forces on the Western front—in his hopeless drive in the Champagne and the eastern side of the Marne salient, Marshal Foch struck. And he struck at the place where it would hurt the enemy the most—at the western side of the Marne salient, where success would enable him to cut the communications of the German forces fighting desperately on the other side of the salient and then to crush those forces between the closing wings of his own or also oblige them to retreat on the battle beneath the raining blows of their opponents and retreat under the most difficult conditions.

Regarding the Champagne-Chateau-Thierry segment as isolated from the rest of the Western front, the maneuver of Marshal Foch was quite similar to a highly magnified scale, to that of Lee in the Chancellorsville campaign of 1863, when the left wing of Hooker's army, operating against Fredericksburg and its communications, was immobilized by the Confederate right at Mury's Heights and Salem Church, while the Confederate left, under Jackson, crushed the Union right west of Chancellorsville and forced Hooker to retreat from the salient he had seized south of the Rappahannock, just as the Allies forced the Germans to retreat from the salient they had seized south of the Vesle.

As it has always been conceded that the brilliance of Lee's plan of action at Chancellorsville was excelled by nothing unless it was by the plan of the American forces carried it through with a precision and gallantry worthy of the best traditions of both services.

On July 17 the Germans were holding the nearly 50 kilometers of the western side of their salient from Chateau-Thierry to the River Aisne north-west of Soissons with 11 divisions, and these had none in support, unless the six reserve divisions which were intended to be used in the attack under way on the other flank, could be so considered. The Allies, on the other hand, had 12 divisions in the line on this same front, with ten more immediately behind ready to take their places in line for the assault early next morning.

Without Warning from Guns

This assault, which was not preceded by any artillery bombardment, lest the stunning surprise effect of the infantry advance should thereby be diminished, went over at precisely 4:35 a.m. on the morning of July 18, 1918, and the entire 20 kilometers from the Aisne to Chateau-Thierry. Along the whole line a withering artillery barrage tore up the ground in front of the infantry, and by nightfall the latter had smashed through the German trench systems to an average depth of about four kilometers, and had taken 17,000 prisoners and 250 guns. From that day on the attack, sustained with undiminished vigor, continued to make progress, gaining, sometimes greater, sometimes less distance, but always going onward. The direct result was the withering of the German initiative, once and for all.

Already by the 20th the Germans had given up the left of their attack on the Champagne front as hopeless and were withdrawing their surplus troops from there. But they were still feebly trying to exploit their slight initial success between Reims and the Marne, while they had thinned their front and were merely flanking Chateau-Thierry to the Aisne to 11 divisions, with four in reserve.

By the 21st they had 20 divisions between Reims and the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry, which latter town they had lost, and these 20 were trying unsuccessfully to hold back the Allied counter-offensive on a front where a few divisions of the Germans had counted 17 divisions as sufficient to carry forward their own offensive.

At the same time, between the Aisne and the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry they now had 21 divisions in line, in spite of which they had already been plucked out of half the salient and were merely flanking a rearward battle to cover their retirement from the rest of it, while their main body of rested troops was reduced to 37 divisions, and thickening signs of offensive intentions on the part of the British and French armies further north and west were compelling them to hold back most of their troops immediately behind the front against possible need in those quarters. In short, the German offensive game was up, and they knew it.

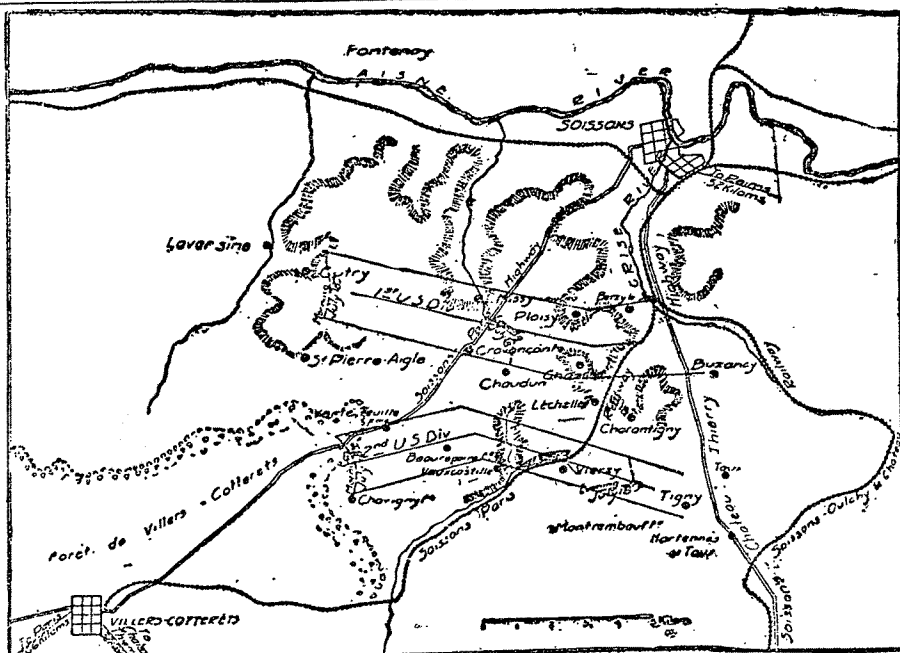
The American Share

We may now trace more fully the part taken by the American divisions in achieving the magnificent results above outlined. From left to right the American divisions which participated in the stroke on the morning of July 18 were the 1st, 2nd and the 26th. The 1st and 2nd were a short distance south of the Aisne and formed with the French 8th, 19th and 1st Moroccan Divisions, the 20th French Corps of the 10th French Army. North of the 20th Corps four divisions of the 1st French Army extended to the Aisne, forming the extreme left flank of the attack.

The 20th Corps was disposed for action with the 1st United States Division on the left, the 1st Moroccan Division in the center and the 2nd United States Division on the right, each having a front of about two kilometers, while the 58th and 6th French Divisions were in reserve.

South of the 20th Corps came successively the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions of the 30th Corps, three divisions of the 11th Corps, two divisions of the 2nd Corps and two divisions of the 7th Corps before the next corps containing United States troops was reached. This was the 1st United States Corps, under command of Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett. He had assumed command on July 4, with his own complete corps staff of American officers, and it is worthy of note that this was the first American staff organization of a unit as large as a corps which had functioned since the close of the Civil War. In his corps, at the moment, General Liggett had the 147th French Division on the left and the 26th United States Division on the right. Next in line came the 28th French Corps with the 39th French Division on the left, alongside the 26th United States, and the 3rd United States Division on the right, followed successively by four divisions of the 2nd Corps, three divisions of the 1st Colonial Corps, four divisions of the 5th Corps, three divisions of the 2nd Italian Corps, and four divisions of the 1st African Colonial Corps, which carried the line to beyond Reims.

It is noticeable that at or near the two



First and Second Divisional sectors in attack toward Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road

extremities of the initial attack the French command had placed American divisions; those on the left near the Aisne and those on the right near Chateau-Thierry. Between these two points the front bulged westward, especially just south of the Forest de Villers-Cotterets. To driving into the center of the salient, the capture of the highlands southwest of Soissons was a necessary preliminary, after which the rest of the front would naturally pivot upon these highlands in swinging northeast and north toward the Vesle.

It was to the task of capturing the greater part of the highlands that the 1st and 2nd United States Divisions, together with the 1st Moroccan, were assigned. At the same time, it was necessary that the troops at the apex of the salient should themselves for a while mark time and act as a pivot to the troops toward the Forest de Villers-Cotterets while the latter were hammering in the westward bulge of the front and straightening it out to swing northward like a gate closing on the Vesle.

This was the difficult duty given, on the right of the attack, to the 26th Division, which was later to be asked, after the straightening process should have been completed, to reverse its role and become the swinging edge of the attack, closing on the Vesle by longer strides than any of the troops to the left of it.

The work of the 3rd United States Division, east of Chateau-Thierry, and of the other Allied forces extending to Reims could not, of course, begin until all this attack to the westward was well under way and until the German attack itself was stopped and driven back. Then they, too, like another gate pivoting on Reims, with the 3rd United States Division at the swinging edge, might close to the Vesle.

Rifles and Enthusiasm

There were various reasons why the American divisions were given such important places along the offensive front, but among the reasons were the fact that they were large, full divisions containing approximately 25,000 men each—almost twice as many rifles as the average French division—and the further fact that they possessed enthusiasm and endurance, unassayed by four years of war, and dogged determination.

The 1st Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Charles P. Sumner, went over the top that morning into the gray dawn of the plateau between Cnry and Missy-aux-Bois, in line from right to left, 18th Infantry and 16th Infantry, making up the 1st Brigade, under Brig. Gen. John L. Hines; 26th Infantry and 28th Infantry, making up the 2nd Brigade, under Brig. Gen. Beaumont B. Buck. In front of them, across the trenches of the German 5th, 14th, 15th and 21st Divisions, swept the barrage from the batteries of the 5th, 6th and 7th Regiments of Field Artillery, of Col. L. E. Holbrook's 1st Artillery Brigade, strengthened by a number of French batteries.

Behind the charging troops lay the deep cut ravine between the villages of St. Pierre-Aigle and Laversine, on the eastern edge of which were the trenches which they had taken over from a brigade of the Moroccan Division only the night before on entering the sector from Chateau-Thierry. Ahead of them, across the plateau, appeared, successively, the church steeples of the villages of Missy-aux-Bois, Ploisy and Berzy-le-Sec, with the trees lining the Soissons-Paris highway cutting across the open ground between the former two villages. Every division had been ordered to take, and it had been ordered to reach that day a position astride the Soissons-Paris road, involving an advance of at least five kilometers.

Two Kilometers in an Hour

They made a good beginning. By 5:30 a.m., but in a trifle less than an hour after starting, they had overrun two kilometers of the maze of trenches and wire which the Germans had been laboriously constructing on this ground during the past six weeks, and had covered nearly half the distance across the open plateau to Missy-aux-Bois. Two hours later the second objective line, running from Crevaux Farm to the eastern edge of the ravine at the head of which lies Missy-aux-Bois, had been attained, though not without a sharp struggle for the 28th and 26th Infantry in Missy-aux-Bois and the ravine.

Excepting for this struggle, the first four and one-half kilometers of the advance had been conquered very quickly and at light cost in casualties, and a large number of guns and machine guns had been taken. But now the enemy, recovered from his first surprise and largely reinforced more tenaciously. Though the 18th Infantry was able to push to and even beyond its third objective, the village of Chaudun, the 26th and 28th could not get across the Soissons-Paris road, on the plateau between the ravines of Missy-aux-Bois and Ploisy, because of the intense machine gun fire sweeping their rear from the lower reaches of the former ravine which the 153rd French Division, to the left, had been unable to cross.

From this time forward, in fact, the latter division had great difficulty in keeping abreast, owing to the fact that it was obliged to attack these deep

ravines, cutting down to the Aisne, along its whole front, while the left brigade of the 1st Division, clipping off their heads, was more or less helped along by the right brigade, which was on more level ground.

Enemy Thoroughly Alarmed

The progress of the 1st Division was, therefore, brought to an end for the day, but it had virtually accomplished its appointed task, and taken about 30 field guns, captured 700 men, and 150 man, most of them in the Missy-aux-Bois ravine, and something like 2,000 prisoners, of whom 500, including a battalion commander and several other officers, were taken at one time in a quarry by a handful of Americans.

That the enemy was thoroughly alarmed by the smashing attack which was so rapidly overrunning his vitally important positions on "the highlands" southwest of Soissons was plainly evidenced by the fact that that night he threw his XXXIVth Division into line on the front between Missy-aux-Bois and Ploisy, between the 14th Infantry and the 11th Infantry Divisions, and put his XXVIIIth Division into the head of the Chazelle ravine, confronting Chaudun.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 19th the 1st Division started ahead again for an objective line reaching from Berzy-le-Sec, on the western heights overlooking the valley of the Court River and the sheet of important railways and roads lying within it, southward to Buzancy, a village on the opposite side of the valley mentioned.

It was not intended that either of the villages should be captured by the 1st Division, but only the ground between them, as Berzy-le-Sec was in the sector of the 153rd French Division and Buzancy in that of the Moroccan Division. The 18th and 16th Infantry immediately jumped forward to Chazelle, halfway between Chaudun and the Soissons-Paris railway.

The 26th and 28th Infantry, galled in front by the fire from the Ploisy ravine and in the rear by that from the Missy-aux-Bois ravine, could not struggle beyond the Soissons-Paris highway, though a detachment of French tanks accompanying them waddled ahead and was shot to pieces on the edge of the Ploisy ravine.

At Right Angles to Sector

The left was now so far behind the right that the front lay almost at right angles to the divisional sector. It was necessary to rectify the alignment before any further general progress could be made, and in a savage attack at 5:30 that evening the 2nd Brigade partly accomplished it, clearing the head of the Ploisy ravine and taking a large proportion of an additional 1,000 prisoners and 20 field guns. The divisional casualties so far had been about 3,000.

Against the most desperate opposition the Americans were relentlessly approaching Berzy-le-Sec, the capture of which would mean to the Germans that the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry highway could no longer be used for transportation into the Marne salient from the railroad of Soissons. It would mean, in short, that the salient was lost.

Knowing this only too well, the enemy during the night thrust into the line covering the village and its all-important heights still another division, the XLVth Reserve. On their part the staff of the 153rd Division was still some distance from it, directed the 1st United States to take Berzy-le-Sec at 2 o'clock next day, for which purpose the 2nd Brigade was reinforced by a battalion from the divisional reserve.

Forward to Fierce Struggle

At the appointed time, following a furious barrage of two hours by the divisional artillery, the troops went forward. There followed a struggle as ferocious and protracted as any in the annals of the American Army. Time after time throughout the afternoon and night the lines surged back and forth in attack and counter-attack, machine gun nests were taken over and over, and the opposing infantry grappled one another with bayonets and trench knives, grenades and clubbed rifles.

At length, early on the morning of the 21st, when his officers had nearly all fallen killed or wounded and when his men, exhausted but still determined, had dropped back for a brief respite, Beaumont B. Buck, the brigade commander, walking along his front beneath the hail of the enemy's fire, personally directed the formation of the line for a last supreme effort and then himself led the first wave as it rose up and rolled toward and into and over the smoking ruins of the village, engulfing there a battery of field guns, dozens of machine guns and hundreds of prisoners.

The victory was won. To the right the 1st Brigade had already overrun the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road and now five kilometers away to the northward, down the valley of the Crise, the city and railroad yards of Soissons lay open to artillery fire from the heights of Berzy-le-Sec. The rest of that day and the next were spent in cleaning up the embankments and consolidating the positions. During the night of July 22 the 1st Division was relieved by the

15th Scottish Division, of the British Army, and withdrew to Dammartin, northeast of Paris, where by the 27th it was resting in cantonments.

Not a Man Captured

It had suffered 7,000 casualties, of whom not one was captured. Sixty per cent of its infantry officers had been killed or wounded, the 16th and 18th Infantry each lost all their field officers except the colonels, while the 26th Infantry was commanded by a captain of less than two years' experience. But—in addition to the German killed and wounded—it had captured 3,500 prisoners, including 125 officers; 68 field guns and quantities of machine guns, ammunition and material and it had advanced 11 kilometers in four days against the untiring efforts of parts or all of seven different German divisions, and broken the hinge of the enemy's defensive line between the Aisne and the Marne.

The part taken by the 2nd United States Division in the counter-offensive was perhaps as brief and certainly as breathless as that of any division, American or French, which participated in the memorable struggle. The circumstances of its approach march, its attack and its battle were so typically American that they savor more of Chancellorsville, Chickamauga or Spotsylvania Court House than of incidents of European warfare.

The 2nd Division, whose regimental units were the same as during its fighting around Bourlémont and the Bois de Belleau in June, but whose commander was now Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, was relieved from its support position in the sector northwest of Chateau-Thierry on the night of July 16-17 and taken by motor bus to Mareilly near the western side of the Forest de Villers-Cotterets, the horse and motor-drawn transport going to the same vicinity by marching.

In the Forest

Shortly after arrival there on the morning of the 17th, orders were received for an attack to be delivered at 4:35 o'clock next morning on the enemy's front along the eastern edge of the forest, which latter is an immense tract of very heavy timber, 10 or 12 kilometers wide at the point where the 2nd Division was approaching it and intersected in every direction by a maze of main and woodland roads.

Confusion in directions received from various sources as to the proper road to follow resulted in the troops becoming more or less scattered through the woods and entangled with the mass of transport, American and French, which, because the forest gave concealment from airplane observation, was congested there behind the divisions going to the attack.

Extra ammunition and other supplies had to be issued to the troops; commanding officers had to receive at least hasty sketch maps and sufficient instructions to know where they were and what they were expected to do. But by the time these essential preliminaries had been attended to in even part of the division, night had fallen. With darkness a heavy rain set in, and under the forest trees the night became so black that one could not see a pace ahead and the advancing troops seemed hopelessly blocked and delayed by the endless columns of smoke and trucks of the enemy. Officers of the line and staff, regimental commanders, enlisted men, worked madly, searching for and then directing or guiding confused companies or battalions toward their jumping off places.

As zero hour, 4:35 a.m., approached, it seemed that the attacking line could be no human possibility be in place in time. But it was. Somehow the troops stumbled and dodged and ran, and floundered their way along the Route du Falté and the Laie des Têtes Salmon and the Paris-Mauberge highway and the Route de Verzy and the Route de Chateau-Thierry and a score of other roads and by-roads into the very northeastern corner of the dripping forest, and when, with the streaks of morning, the artillery barrage came down with a crash on the enemy's trenches, the first line battalions of the 2nd Division, the 23rd and 24th Infantry, and the 9th Infantry, on the right, and the 10th Infantry, on the left, went over behind it, breathless and staggering from two or three kilometers of double time to reach their places at the appointed second, but still active enough to shoot or bayonet or capture the first dazed Germans upon whom they hurled themselves, like specters coming out of the dawn.

The Second's Path

Their sector, starting in the edge of the forest between Chavigny Farm, on the right, and the Carrefour des Fourneaux, on the left, ran straight away northeast for about three kilometers over open, rolling country across Verte Feuille and Beaupre Farm. Then, swinging sharply to the right with the hill just west of Vauxcastille as pivot, and narrowing gradually to a breadth of less than two kilometers, it went east and slightly south across the ravine of Vauxcastille and that of the Bois Leonaire, north of it; the ravine and village of Verzy where, on the hill, it crossed the longest tunnel of the railway line between Soissons and Paris; and then, still traversing lengthwise a high, flat ridge of the uplands devoid of buildings but intersected by

various farm roads, it crossed the main Soissons-Chateau-Thierry highway between the villages of Taux and Hartennes and terminated in the Bois d'Hartennes.

Although the German counter-barrage opened promptly and although, owing to their precipitous advance, the infantry had neither machine guns nor hand or rifle grenades, Major Foch's 2nd Battalion, leading the 23rd Infantry, with only rifles for weapons, was on its first objective, which included Beaupre Farm, 15 minutes after going over, and the leading battalions of the 2nd Infantry, but that they had already disappeared over the hill in front, in the direction of Vauxcastille. This village, on their second objective, the 2nd Battalion had, in fact, occupied at 6:45, leaving behind them on their headlong course, in the vicinity of Beaupre and elsewhere, several battalions of captured field guns and a complete hangar with large quantities of gasoline.

On Plateau Above Verzy

Swinging now to the new direction, east by south, and with the 1st Moroccan Division keeping abreast on the left as it headed for Lechelle and the ravines beyond, and the 58th French Division keeping abreast on the right toward Montreuil Farm, the 2nd Division plunged into the ravine of the Bois Leonaire and Vauxcastille, crossed its marshy woods and the embankment of the Soissons-Paris railway, after a brief but terrible struggle with German infantry and machine gunners, and by 9:30 a.m. was on the plateau overlooking Verzy.

The western extremity of this village was taken immediately thereafter with a large number of prisoners, including, it was reported, a major general, but, though surrounded on the north, west and partly on the south, the enemy continued to hold out bravely in the rest of the village and also in the unsubdued nests and dugouts of the Vauxcastille ravine, where the mopping-up troops of the support waves were encountering stubborn resistance.

The American casualties had already numbered 200, but now they became still more serious. The batteries of the 2nd Battalion of the 15th Field Artillery came up to close action to combat the torrent of shells which the enemy's guns just east of Verzy were sending over, and little by little through the afternoon the rear waves of the infantry were fed into the front line to take the places of those who fell.

During this time of bitter and disjointed fighting it was that many men in all the regiments engaged showed extraordinary heroism in the rushing and capturing of machine gun nests, as was done by Sgt. Louis Cukela, of the 5th Marines, who, having no hand grenades of his own, captured some German ones, worked his way alone to the rear of an enemy strong point that was holding up his line, rushed it with grenades, and captured two machine guns and four men.

Saved His Captain's Life

It was in this vicinity that Cpl. J. Tickner, 9th Infantry, himself wounded, assisted his wounded captain to walk forward and direct the attack of their company until a shell took off the officer's leg and again wounded Tickner, who thereupon, nothing daunted, compelled five German prisoners to carry the captain back four kilometers to a first aid station, thus saving his life.

And it was near Verzy, too, that Sgt. Hercules Korgis, 23rd Infantry, lived up to the reputation of his given name by walking into a large dugout, extracting therefrom six German officers and 200 soldiers and marching them back, under a small escort, to the rear of the front line, obliging them to police the field of wounded men on the way.

Although the troops had been without food and almost without water all day, at about 6:30 o'clock in the evening the advance was resumed in the direction of the Bois d'Hartennes, a forward effort against Verzy being included in the attack. The 9th and 23rd Infantry went forward, the latter supported by 15 French tanks and a battalion of Moroccan which had crossed the sector from the left. By 8 o'clock, against stubborn opposition, especially in the way of intense artillery and machine gun fire, the line had progressed about two kilometers, the 9th Infantry lying on the plateau south of Chantigny and the 23rd, about midway between Verzy and Tigny, but with its right curving to the southwest so as to present the whole front as a pronounced salient across the open ground, with the enemy on the east and south of it.

Engineers Go Through

Verzy had finally been captured, but all the ground traversed by the attack was covered with wounded, and no further progress could be made that night. The American troops, such of them as remained, dug themselves in, and the next morning the 2nd Engineers, following the Engineers' prerogative of digging all night and fighting all day, advanced through the remnants of the 9th Infantry and the 6th Marines, through these old trenches, and at 7 o'clock drove forward again more than two kilometers to Tigny, where, on the edge of the Bois d'Hartennes and less than a kilometer west of the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry highway, the depleted American units were brought to a stop, but entrenched themselves, and aided by the men of the 23rd Infantry, held every inch of their gains.

It was now evident that even the extraordinary driving power of the 2nd Division was exhausted, for it was reduced to little more than half its original strength, the 23rd Infantry, for example, having only 37 officers and 1,473 enlisted men left out of 9,000. The 9th Infantry, on the other hand, had received no cooked food since leaving Montreuil-aux-Lions, on the night of July 16. It was relieved, accordingly, by the 55th French Division during the night of the 19th-20th, rested until noon the next day in the forest, and then marched to St. Etienne, where it bivouaced until at 7 a.m. on July 21.

Swept out of the woods in the gray dawn, the 2nd Division had advanced eight kilometers in 26 hours and one of its regiments, the 23rd, alone had taken prisoner 75 officers and 2,100 men from the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th